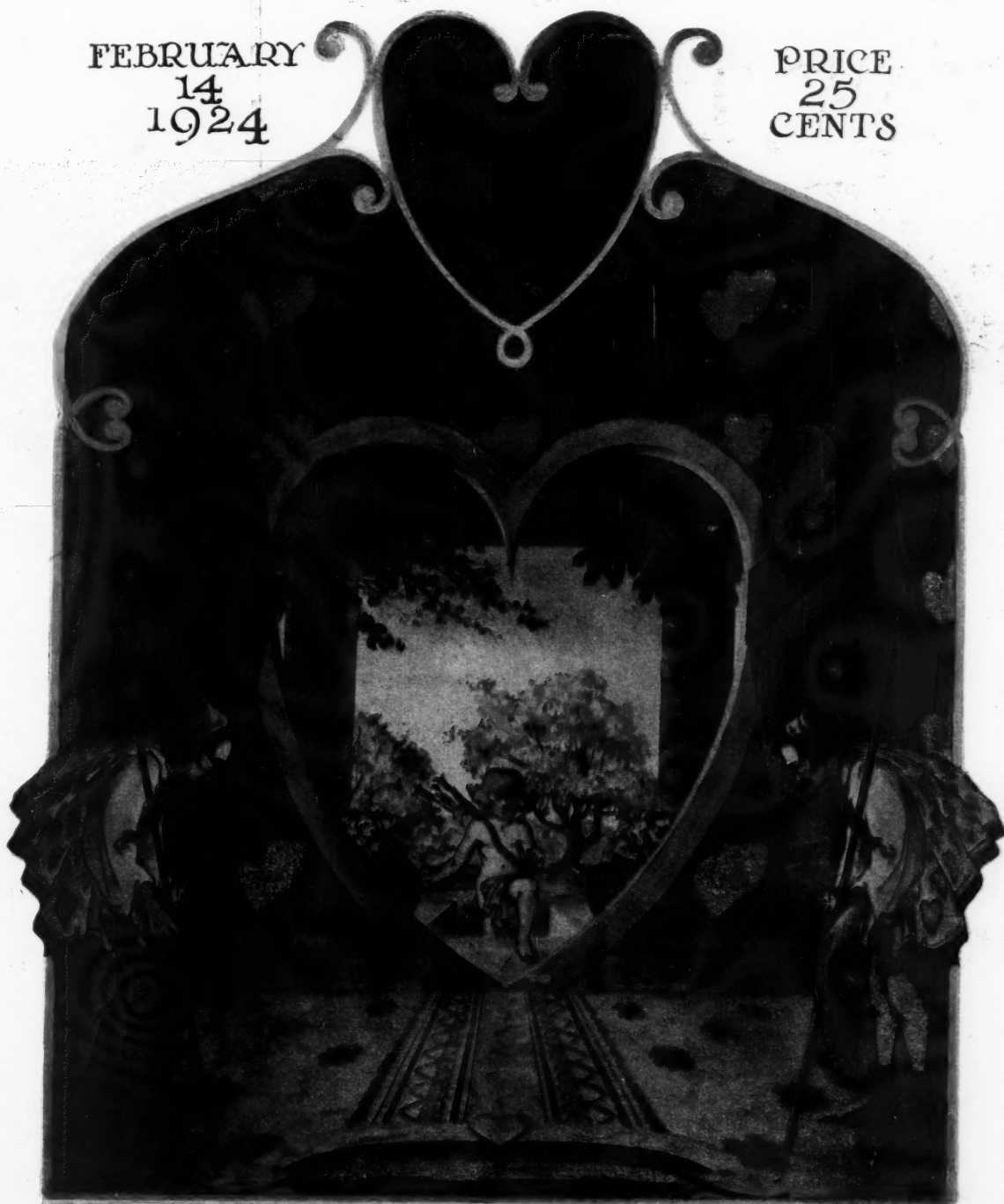


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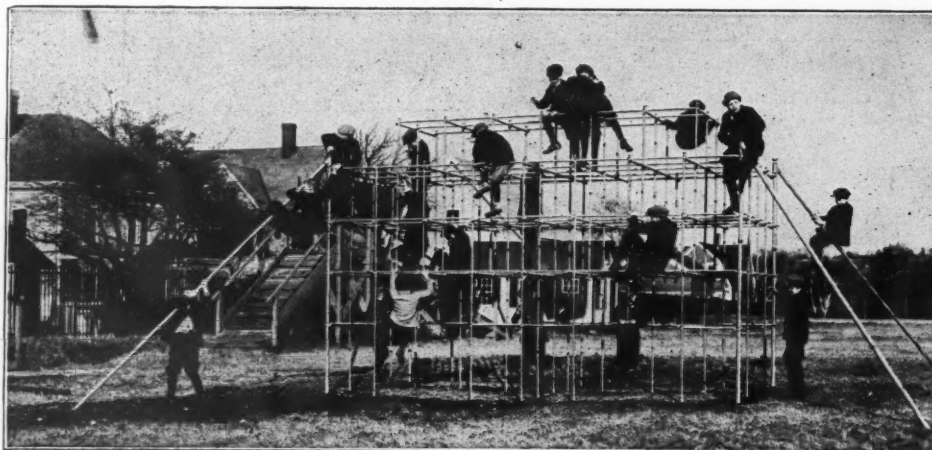
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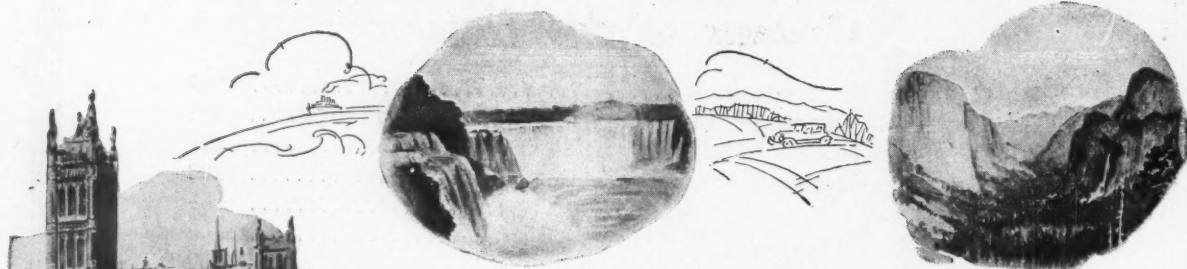
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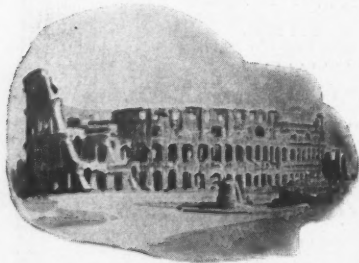
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Volume 36, No. 5

Trenton, N. J., February, 1924

25 cents a Copy



JAY COOKE HOWARD

One of the best known and one of the most persistent fighters for the rights of the deaf in this country. He inherited from his father one of the oldest real estate concerns in Duluth, Minnesota, and a business acumen that has enabled him to keep up the business. Recently he split off a department of his business and converted it into a partnership, known as Howard-Oreckovsky Agency, specializing in Life, Fire, Health and Accident, Automobile liability, Plate and Burglary Insurance.

The Great Earthquake and Fire In Tokyo

By JIRO HARADA



WAS in my study upstairs writing and my wife in the parlor downstairs practicing on the piano when the earthquake came at 11:58 A. M. on September 1. The house was tossed up and down, shaken and contorted. The bookcase in the attic tumbled down to the floor and bottles in my dark-room were shaken off the shelves. Some pieces of ornaments fell to the floor and some were broken but without much consequence. The second soon followed with still greater violence and we—my wife and I, our two maids and three year old nephew who happened to be in our house at the time—all assembled in a little room in front of our reinforced concrete godown, the safest place in our house according to our architect. The earth continued to tremble and shake. Though the worst was over, each earthquake was bad enough to frighten everybody. We went out to our garden and stood where no building could reach us even if they may fall. But our house was safe: only the outside stucco wall was shaken off in parts, and a few tiles were shaken out of place on the roof of our chaseki, the room for the ceremonial tea. Otherwise, the house suffered hardly any damage, owing mainly to the fact that our house stands on a hill where the foundation is good and solid.

As I gazed up to heaven, there, over the spreading cherry tree in our garden, high against the fresh azure sky—fresh because everything seemed to have been cleaned by the violent rain and wind storm that suddenly came at the dawn of that

eventful day and cleared as abruptly when we were at the breakfast—I saw a voluminous cloud of brilliant white, flooded with sunlight, issuing forth from the east with terrific speed. It seemed to be charged with a mysterious power. Sailing forth, it expanded in every direction with explosive forces. The tremendous mass of white cloud seemed to increase its power by its own violent action as it grew still larger in lumps and whirled and whirled. In its majestic course the mysterious cloud rolled on. But before it reached over our head, its march seemed to have been checked by some invisible force. It came to a sudden halt and the inertia of the rolling mass crushed on its foremost part, but failed to gain an inch of space in its westward march. So strong was the invisible force. The invisible struggled and continued to explode its latent energy on the sides. It struggled, but was held. The visible, still swelling with the pride of its recent triumphs, seemed to collect its forces and make fresh charges against the invisible, but it was in vain. It still struggled on, as if unable to believe its weakness, but was helpless. Each fresh attempt seemed only to weaken its vitality. Lo! the visible began to sway from one side to the other. Finally, it was pushed back. The dazzling white gradually lost its whiteness and the whirling sharp outlines became blurred. There was confusion, disorganization, defeat,—a failure. What an omen! What a prelude to the great destruction wrought on Tokyo, Yokohama and other cities along the coast!

On earth, one explosion followed another in various parts



CITY OF TOKYO AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE

of the city. We saw the smoke rising from the Imperial University on another hill about a mile away where a fire broke out from chemicals and destroyed several buildings including the library and some five thousand books. Soon a report reached us saying that the Imperial Theatre and Metropolitan Police buildings were aflame. We became conscious of an unusual stir and a feeling of uncertainty. Soon black smoke rose from the south and east of us and darkened the sky. When I looked up to heaven again, the tremendous mass of white cloud was already scattered and diffused. The blue sky was no longer visible anywhere. There was something oppressive in the air. The sun hung high lustreless. It grew red, blood-red, staring with gloom and horror upon the frightened people who rushed about in search of safety.

An official report says that almost simultaneously with the earthquake the fire broke out in many places and within a quarter of an hour it was burning at seventy-six different places throughout the city of Tokyo, and later at eighty-eight places, each playing havoc with terrific wind storms. Such was undoubtedly due to the fact that the shock came at noon when meals were being cooked. So sudden and violent was the earthquake that there was not time to put out the fire before taking to flight and many wooden buildings were crushed over it. The city water ceased to run and the fire engines were helpless. But using water from ponds and moats the fire was extinguished at twenty-three places. However, driven to fury by the terrible windstorm, the devastating fire spread in all directions and had its full sway over the city. It burned until the night of the third day, razing more than 376,000 houses in Tokyo alone. It is calculated that about 64 per cent of all the houses



Looking south from Kudam Hill where Kanda District was destroyed by fire on September 1 last.

which is recorded to have been 638,865 were destroyed by fire and earthquake, rendering homeless 1,505,029 persons, or about 62 per cent. of 2,437,503, the entire population of the metropolis before the earthquake.

According to the latest figure, upon which the ten million yen relief money from the Emperor was apportioned on Nov.

3, the number of the dead bodies found is nearly seventy thousand, consisting of 15,627 male and 16,102 female and some thirty thousand corpses so burnt or otherwise mutilated that their sex not be distinguishable. According to a police report 56,774 were burned to death, 11,233 drowned and 3,608 crushed under collapsed houses. Besides, there are more than thirty thousand, men women and children unaccounted for. It is believed that most of them were burned or drowned, as



People of Honj's Ward seeking refuge

corpses are still being discovered in canals, the Sumida River, along the coast, and their bones in ashes.

The people who escaped the terrible earthquake had to flee from fire. No place was considered safe. There was danger from fire which leaped from one place to another and from the earthquake which continually threatened people as may be seen from the Tokyo Weather Bureau record which shows that there was 365 earthquakes during the first 24 hours following the big one on Sept. 1, 280 during the next 24 hours, 173 during the third 24 hours and so on until it gradually decreased to 32 on the tenth day.

All through the afternoon of that eventful day refugees simply poured into Ueno Park, and we are living on the further edge of it. More than 300,000 men, women and children passed the first anxious night in the park. Thousands of refugees who were unable to find a room there to sit down or who tried to seek refuge in a remoter place, passed the front of our gate. Some with loaded carts, others on bicycles, but the most of them on foot with babes or bundles on their backs and leading children by the hand, the throng hurried past the front of our garden. Some of them found a temporal refuge in the graveyard further up, or went to Nippori Station, from where the railroad trains were operated free of charge to the country to disperse the fast gathering crowd as speedily as possible.

Fortunately, we have a well in our compound. So we gave water to drink to the thirsty people who passed our gate. Every throat seemed to be panting for water. Thousands upon thousands stopped to get a drink. How grateful they all were for a cup of cold water! We were deeply touched as each one of them thanked us with *arigato* and a grateful nod as he or she put down an emptied cup and hurried on—such a gratitude from ones deserving all sympathy and for so trifle a gift. In all my experiences, and I may say that I have had a great deal of handshaking at different international expositions with which I had been officially connected, never before have I been brought so close to so many human hearts at any one time. My wife and I felt that we had been repaid many times over for what little we have done. From 2 in the morning of that eventful Saturday until 2:30 on Sunday morning, we kept six maids busy in pumping and carrying water to our front gate, where my wife and I tried to keep glasses filled or give drinks to thirsty children on mothers' backs. The well was pumped dry and we had to stop for a while, and I sat alone in the garden

waiting for the dawn. The moon was bright and refugees passed ceaselessly by.

Early Sunday morning my father-in-law counted more than ten thousand people passing the front of our garden in an hour. By noon the front street became more lively and in the afternoon the throng was thick—a danger was now threatening Ueno Park. The wind had changed and blew fire towards the park. A fresh fire was started—they caught a Korean culprit in the act—among thickly built houses near the entrance



Tsukuji, the foreign quarters in Tokyo, after the earthquake and fire

of the park. But a greater danger to us came from another direction. The tidal waves of flame that swept Asakusa Ward advanced towards the park with great rapidity. When the flame had drowned the Shitaya Ward Office near Ueno Railroad station, a "flame-spout" was created which whirled a burning mass high into the sky and dropped it upon the Tokiwa Kadan, a big restaurant on the bluff in Ueno Park some three blocks away from the burning office. The restaurant with a bare roof, the tiles having been shaken down by the earthquake which was the case with nearly every roof, immediately caught fire and a large number of people in the park took to flight. It was at this time that some fifty of the refugees, whom we sheltered in our house, left us to find a safer place elsewhere.

Yes, our house was filled with refugees at one time. Towards the evening of the first day we took in several whom we only slightly knew. The next morning brought to us our dentist with his family and his colleagues. By this time we felt the situation far too grave to remain with out doing anything to relieve the suffering. So I went to the police station near by and offered to shelter some 30 or 40 sick or wounded, and my wife had the house all prepared for the occasion—tables and chairs were cleared from the dining room and parlor to the back part of our *chaseki* and beddings all spread out on the floor. The very first refugee the policeman brought to us was a woman of about forty years of age, very poorly clad and head all bandaged. She had a child on her back and led a little child of about 8 or 9 by the hand. She could hardly speak because of the injury to her jaw, but she made me to understand that she was injured by a falling beam and that the child on back was dead. So I took the woman to the hospital across the street to be attended to. More than two hundred patients were on the ground outside, many still waiting for medical attention. I told the proprietor and head physician what I decided to do and offered to take in any of his friends who needed a shelter. He was greatly pleased, for he had many more than he could possibly manage. He handed over to me some thirty tired and careworn persons, who lost their homes by the fire. By this time there came to us some of our own acquaintances. Thus our house was filled with refugees, my wife having decided to take what rest she could at her parents' at next door and I to remain in the garden through the night to keep in touch with the outside.

However, one party after another left our house later in

the afternoon when the danger threatened the park and a rush begun from it to Nippori Station and to the suburb beyond. Only the dentist's party and another small party remained with us to move with us. The front street was packed with a hurrying crowd. The people of the hospital across the street with some three hundred patients moved to a place a couple of miles away and passed the night in open air. Some of our other neighbors left also with great difficulty through the congested streets. But I wanted to be cautious, as the party of twenty-six under my charge mainly consisted of aged, women and children. The streets were so packed with people that it looked almost hopeless to keep the party together. I had three young men go out three different directions to report to me about the condition of fire. There was a great danger threatening a group of temples in the park beyond the Imperial Museum. I was much concerned about that particular spot. Having locked into our godown as much valuable possessions as we could manage under the circumstances, we were all in the garden ready to start off at any time, each with a small bundles containing things of immediate necessity tied about the body. I mapped out the line of flight we were to take. I gave out my last directions—where to go, how to get there, what to do on the way, and what to do if one should lose his or her way. Thus prepared, we waited for the reports. A large number of soldiers were fighting the fire at that dangerous place, a report came. If those temples should catch fire, I thought to myself, the flame may jump to the Imperial Museum and then to the Academy of Music and the Tokyo School of Fine Arts buildings and then to our houses, though there are ample spaces with trees between each. When the School of Fine Arts buildings should catch fire, we should make haste to leave. A report came that a roof of the temple we were so concerned about caught fire, but that it was soon smothered and the danger was averted. However, the wind continued to blow towards our direction, sending to us particles of cinders. Our red-tiled roof stood out in angry glow against the smoky sky of the north. You may imagine how we felt when we heard a report that a burning piece of something dropped on one of the roofs of the art school buildings, but that the soldiers who guarded the roofs there were able to sweep it down to the ground before it ignited to the house. Though we were located in the shade of a tall building, we could almost see the flame rising in the south and east of us, hear the crackling noise and smell the smoke. It was toward



What remains of the Slunloniza, one of the big playhouses of Tokyo.

the dawn when the wind changed its direction, and we felt safe from any of the fire then burning. But there was a danger from fresh ones that might be started at my time from earthquakes that frightened us frequently and by incendiaries. The danger from the latter became more and more threatening for the rumor was in the air that so-called socialists and some Koreans were trying to destroy the whole city, carrying with it many fearful tales.

When the fire broke out with the earthquake, people ran to

assist their friends to take out their goods to a place of safety, as their custom was, but returned only to find their own houses burned to the ground. Thousands of men ran from their offices to their homes, but they found their houses aflame before they even reached their families, or found themselves unable to get to them. Many went out a few blocks to see where the smoke was, only to be cut off from home by a fresh outbreak of fire close to their own homes. So treacherous was the wind storm that changed its direction and whirled about, the fire



What remains of Asakusa, the Coney Island of Tokyo

was spread out in all directions in a most unexpected manner. A great number of more unfortunate ones, who were caught under collapsed houses, were overtaken by fire before the help came. At first some took refuge in some spacious temple grounds or in rich men's big gardens, but they had to abandon them in most cases when the falling cinders became too thick to be warded off with whatever was available. A large number of them clung a minute too long to the bundles of their earthly possessions and the way of escape was entirely closed by the flood of fire. They fought bravely against thickly falling cinders, and wherever there were pools of water they dipped their heads into them and threw water on each other to keep their cloths wet. But the strong wind now brought thick smoke mixed with blinding dust of falling mud-walls and tiled roofs to the crowds of prostrate figures. It was suffocating, but when they recovered their breath they continued to fight for their lives with prayers upon their lips. A few minutes later, the whirlwind snatched a big chunk of flame and flung it upon the people, singeing and scorching men, women and children. There was a silence: no more prayers were heard. But the merciless storm in an unabated fury whirled a big piece of a burning roof aloft into the sky and dashed it with a vengeance upon the now silent crowd, whose earthly cares and troubles were no more. What a scene to witness here upon the earth! Yet such scenes did actually take place in several parts of the city.

Pitiful beyond words was the scene of agony and death of more than a thousand persons in the little park around the Benten Pond in a corner of Yoshiwara, the nightless city of pleasure in the outskirts of Tokyo. A number of outside people living close by and a large number of women of Yoshiwara, who found themselves surrounded by fire on all sides when they tried to make an escape, sought safety in this little park. The place was soon packed with people and their belongings. Fire was all around and the raging whirlwind created "flame-spouts" here and there close by. Frightened by the sight, driven by the impending danger, some took courage and made a charge for an escape. But before they gained twenty yards they were wrapped in smoke and flame and dropped on the ground, one after another, dead. Burning cinders rained upon them. There was a soldier who came to assist the people in distress. Daring danger, he ran about to save the people. Finally, he climbed to the top of a wisteria arbor in the park where he could be seen and heard. There he shouted at the top of his voice when and where to make an

escape according to the direction of the wind and flame. Before long the arbour below him caught fire, but he only thought of the safety of others. He continued to shout, giving out directions, until his weakened voice was finally smothered in the flame that consumed the arbour. So he ended his life, but by his bravery and good judgment more than two hundred persons were led out to a place of safety.

But there still remained hundreds of people without a leader to face the threatening flame that came still closer to them. The bundles of cherished possessions, which they tried to save, began to burn. They tried to shake cinders off themselves, but fresh ones poured upon them and their garments caught fire. They tore them off their bodies and while engaged in smothering the fire, their hair singed and their petticoats were aflame. They jumped into the pond. The sound of the splashing water communicated a spark of hope in the minds of men and women held at bay. They forgot the danger of the pond. Hundreds of them tumbled into it until the surface was literally covered with heads, but still more jumped in upon them. It was too late when they realized that their new place of refuge was by no means safe. The pond was a sort of big well half filled with soft mud. The water was up to their chins with more than several feet of soft mud in the bottom. They sank inch by inch by their own weight. The water was hardly sufficient to keep them in an upright position, even if each had an ample room for the free action of arms and feet. But there was no such room—each was pressed hard against the other. Further, their feet stuck in mud, each effort to keep their heads above the water only ended in sinking them still deeper into the mud. Those close at the edge of the pond clung fast to the stays or rocks on the bank and others next to them held onto their shoulders and they in turn offered theirs to their neighbours to keep them all afloat. But there was a time before the horror stricken crowd adjusted themselves into this system of interdependence. Struggling, many sank into the bottom, and some went down together in effort to save each other. They sank into the silt only to give a more substantial, but temporal, foundation to those above them to stand on. The voracious pond with muddy stomach was too cruel. Scores of them sank into the mud beyond the reach of the struggling feet above.

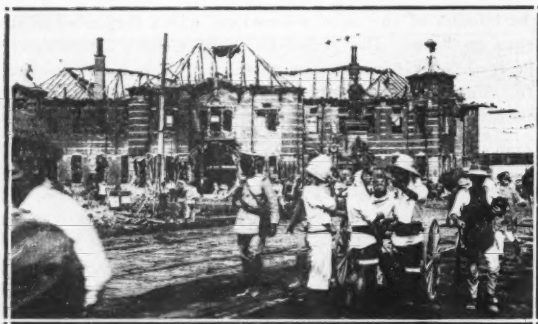
Not only below their feet, but over their heads as well the death grinned. The long drawn out tongue of the flame



Effect of the earthquake near Yokohama

roared overhead. It blew its breath of terrific heat and burning fragments upon them. Those in the pond kept dipping their heads into the muddy water, trying to keep their scalp from burning. But there was a limit to human effort. The life in the pond, so active but a few minutes before, had become quieter: prayers upon their lips were now fainter. Those left on the ground above huddled together or prostrated themselves upon the earth, all resigned to the will of the inevitable. The angry flames played with them all. They

succumbed, unresisting. The oil from the broiling human flesh trickled into the pond! What a sight was there! Only those few who clung to the posts in the pond, protected more or less by the bank but mainly through an incessant effort, by keeping themselves under water and only raising their heads for breath, were they able to keep their body and soul together. The number of the dead is given out to be 630, though some maintain it was much larger. Out of scores of



Manseibashi Station Tokyo, after the earthquake and fire

turtles, which used to live in the pond, only a single one survived.

Horrible was the scene witnessed at the vacant lot known as Hifukusho-ato, above 13 acres in area where once stood buildings of army clothing departments. When the people of Honjo Ward was driven out of their own homes by fire, they found the other side of the Sumda River already wrapped in smoke and flame. No one doubted the safety of Hifukusho-ato, the spacious open space near the Ryogoku bridge and adjacent to the big estate of the Yasuda family, the rich banker. Thither the people poured in; the police told them to seek refuge there. Thousands upon thousands gathered there from all around. Some arrived with wagons of household goods, but the most of them with mere bundles of their earthly possessions. Some with babes on their backs and in arms, dragging children at their heels. Some tumbled in with wounded mothers or sick fathers upon their backs. Fire had overtaken many of them while they were still engaged in rescuing their dear ones crushed under the collapsed houses. It was with a great difficulty that they reached this open space which seemed to be the only place of safety under the circumstances. While they fled through the congested streets, danger was all round. Fragments of various sorts dropped upon them from the sky, and the whirlwind of smoke and dust blinded them as they struggled on their way to the big vacant space. A frightened horse ran madly along the streets with an empty wagon. Danger was at every turn.

Even so spacious a ground as Hifukusho-ato was soon filled with men, women, children and belongings they tried to save before the policemen were able to force the people to abandon all big bundles outside the lot. Still more people poured in until it was thought to be no longer safe. The wind has changed its direction and the police has warned them of the danger that threatened the place, and advised to seek safety elsewhere. Already more than 40,000 people were gathered there with one purpose—to live, to be saved. The fire attacked the place from all sides. At the top of their voices men and women incessantly repeated "Namamida Bustin," "Namyohō Rengekyō," "Namudaishi Henjokongō," or other such invocations and prayers to the particular gods of their faith. Such earnest prayers by so vast a congregation on the verge of life and death! But the wind whistled and flames roared. Again and again the place was sieged by dense smoke, dust and cinders that choked many. Burning fragments were flung upon them and stirred among them. The baggage caught fire and a moment after a whirlwind lifted heavy wagons and people together into the air

and strewed them about on the ground and the river not far away.

This proved fatal to many and blessing to a few—fatal to those who were dashed against the pavement or thrown into the flame, and blessing to those who were transported into a pool of rainwater, or into a deep gutter where they were able to save themselves with water. Red-hot sheets of galvanized iron flew through the air like pieces of paper from an aeroplane in windstorm, but came down upon them with a whiz, killing and wounding people. Again the invocations and prayers were heard, but many were only able to mumble them now. The heat became unbearable and the breathing most difficult. Their faces close to the ground, they called between prayers the names of their dear ones with whom they sought the refuge. They called their names back in answer, in places the calls were unanswered. The whirlwind had separated wives from their husbands, children from their mothers. Alas, loved ones were not allowed even to die together! The storm seemed to multiply its strength by the destruction it wrought. It became terrific. It wrenched off a big chunk of flame near by and splashed it over the prostrate figures. It was fatal to many. Now the wind from the south blew the flame against the ground and forced it to creep over men and women. Now the wind from the north blew the flame upon the mass of people as a blacksmith blows a flame on a piece of metal with a bellow. What a torment! But their anguish was soon over. Prayers died upon their lips. Silence reigned over them. At last the human bodies began to burn with a blue flame. More than 33,000 men, women and children perished on this spot. How horrible! It was beyond description.

Pathetic beyond words were horrible scenes that took place on the water, the canals, the river and big bridges over it. It is recorded that in Tokyo 362 bridges, big and small, were destroyed by fire and earthquake. Canals became congested with loaded boats, which caught fire. Flames met over big canals and endangered the Sumida River, where thousands of boats tried to make an escape to the bay, though not without a fear of tidal waves. Loaded boats and lighters fastened to the banks caught fire and drifted down the stream or blown hither and thrither by the wind storm, dashing against other boats and spreading fire to hundreds of others heavily laden with men, women and children. Some of the burning boats were



The mound in the foreground shows the bones and ashes of what remained of the 32,000 men, women and children who died at Hifukusho, Ato, Tokyo

caught under the bridges and the wooden planks began burning from under hundreds of people, who were driven to the bridges from both sides of the river. Even what they always thought to be an incombustible iron bridge did not prove safe from fire. Bundles of earthly possessions that they tried to save on the bridge caught fire as the bridge flamed from either end, and the frightened refugees pressed hard towards the centre of the bridge. But it began to burn from under them as the burning boats sent up flames from underneath. Their garments afire,

they all dropped into the river. The current was strong and burning masses of boats and lumber floated down or blown by the windstorm. There was nothing safe to hold on, not even a straw to grasp. Burning particles came down thickly upon them and the granite of the embankment cracked and snapped with heat; there was no place to go. Trying to save others, hundreds of able swimmers were drowned together with the helpless.

Thus nearly one hundred thousand people and four hundred thousand houses in Tokyo perished by the earthquake and fire, infuriated by strong windstorm, even as the Book records;

"—And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind and earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake;

And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice."

I. King, 18:11—12

Many are now trying to listen to the "still small voice." They have come to realize the folly of their past extravagant living. They have come to feel the invincible power of the Invisible as was shown in the sky and demonstrated on earth. Courageously the people of Tokyo are engaged in the work of reconstruction, which is already well on its way. More than 100,000 sheds have already been erected upon the ashes. And one of the greatest encouragements the citizens of Tokyo received in the midst of their great bewilderment came from America. The sympathy of the American people so promptly and generously shown to relieve the sufferings in the terrible catastrophe has deeply touched Japan as a nation and the people of Tokyo in particular, cheering them up to bear the burden, causing them to brace up to build up a city mightier than the one just destroyed.

Mrs. Alice Park Hanson

On July 10th last, there died a deaf woman, who had obtained the remarkable age of ninety years the previous month. Not only for age was she remarkable but also for the fact of the full possession of her faculties to the very end, with a cheerfulness of spirit and interest in outside doings that was wonderful for one of her age and condition.

She was Mrs. Alice (Park) Hanson, of Evansville, Ind. She was born in Levan County, Ohio, on July 18, 1833. According to school records, she was born deaf. In the year 1843 she entered the Ohio School, being the 234th in order of admission. An elder brother, Plumb Martin Park, having finished the course in the same school in 1836, became a teacher therein, continuing for forty-one years, a well beloved figure to many generations of pupils. His son, James M. Park, also graduate of the Ohio School and of Gallaudet College, taught successfully in the Ohio School from 1875 to 1833, in the later year, resigning, and with his aged parents, moving to Santa Barbara, Calif. The parents have long since passed away at advanced ages, but the son and his wife are still living comfortably on the ranch, which they have raised to a high state of citrus and income production.

After leaving school Miss Park returned to her parental home, but not for long, as at the age of twenty-two, she was married to Martin Hanson, a young deaf man of Indiana, and immediately thereafter they went to Baton Rouge, La., school to teach. In a few weeks a scourge of yellow fever broke out, which carried away, among others, the young husband. Suddenly bereaved, Mrs. Hanson returned to her parents' home in Ohio, and being the youngest and free child, assumed cheerfully the duty of caring for them until their very last dying hours.

Thereafter she made her home with her living sisters,

first in Richmond, Ind., and later in Evansville, Ind. In the latter city she lived twenty-five years with her sister, Mrs. James H. McNeely and upon her death with her niece, Mrs. Ella McNeely Hill. The home is a handsome old manison on Riverside Ave., facing a large park on the Ohio River, which at this point describes a wide crescent of silver, affording, with the Kentucky hills beyond, a view of unusual beauty.

From this restful home down in "the pocket of Indiana" Mrs. Hanson made frequent excursions to Ohio and other places to refresh her mind and soul by contact with her old friends. She was a friend of the Ohio Home for the Aged Deaf, to which she made frequent gifts.

To the deaf of Evansville Mrs. Hanson was ever a good friend. Out of her great fund of cheer, hope, faith and experience she was able to comfort and hearten many who came to



MRS. ALICE PARK HANSON

her in times of discouragement and trouble. A friend of the family has written "She was of that lonely womanly disposition that took a deep interest in others, forgetting her own afflictions in the service she rendered. Her memory will long remain among those who knew her."

Mrs. Hanson had been a life-long member of the Episcopal Church, and the rector of the local church said the last rites over head. The pallbearers were, with one exception, all her friends—Messrs. Adolph Brizins, Matthew Lvon, Theodore Holtz, Julius Brizins, Wm. Wiggers and James Downey.

C. W. CHARLES.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,

From wandering on a foreign strand!

—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

Just at the age, 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.

—*Marmion.*

THE ARGONAUT

By J. W. Howson

THE ARGONAUT occasionally receives queries from residents of other states as to the possibilities of a deaf man succeeding at farming in California. Some of these inquiries come from farmer themselves and they are naturally interested in the success of deaf farmers in the west. To these inquiries the Argonaut must reply that at the present time the farmer's lot, whether he be deaf or hearing, is none too rosy in the Golden State. High costs of commodities and labor combined with low selling prices of farm products has hit the farmer pretty hard here as elsewhere. Several of the deaf farmers of California, especially those whose farming is diversified, have had a very prosperous year. Some have had a fair year; others have just managed to get by. In certain sections of the state where land runs into the hundreds and even thousands of dollars per acre considerable capital and specialized farming is necessary. Yet the deaf man who is capable, who has the resources and patience to play a waiting game, is sure to succeed at farming in the state. A few years ago, the period of high prices following the close of the war, competent and well located deaf farmers received high returns for their produce and were the most prosperous class of the deaf in the state.

In common with the rest of the country the west offers splendid opportunities to the deaf man who is a skilled workman. Even common labor pays well. The common laborers

of today gets as much as the carpenter of a few years ago. Unquestionably the war had something to do with the great increase in wages paid the industrial worker, but perhaps the chief cause has been the restriction of immigration. With the native American constantly seeking the white collar job, there has come a dearth of skilled workmen in the country. The shortage has been estimated at more than 100,000 and the situation is becoming more and more acute. It is hard to predict what the future has in store. Present immigration laws expire in the summer of 1924 and if the bars are let down even to a small extent there is certain to be a great influx of skilled workmen. Many of the deaf who now feel secure of their jobs will find much keener competition should any great influx of foreign labor, whether skilled or common, be allowed to enter our country. Some time would elapse before the average white collar man would feel any competition, as the foreign element would have to learn our language and familiarize itself with our customs before it could secure a footing in the more genteel occupations.

Years of observation has convinced the writer that a person's idea of what deafness is and means, how it should be endured by those afflicted with it, and how it should be eliminated if possible, depends a great deal upon who is doing the thinking. Hearing people, and those deaf from childhood or birth, will never have exactly the same view point. More often they have



The University of California foot-ball stadium, the newest and finest structure of its sort in the United States. Every one of its 73,000 seats affords a good view of the playing field. The Argonaut's brother, George W. Howson, who was the engineer and assistant superintendent of the stadium during its construction, says that the only stadium at all comparing with it is the one at Athens, Greece. The stadium was dedicated last Thanksgiving day, with every one of the seats for which a uniform charge of \$5.00 was made occupied while thousands unable to gain admittance, obtained what view they could of the game from the surrounding hills.

widely divergent ideas and opinions. Intermixed between these two groups and swaying from one side to the other are those who lost their hearing in adult life and those others known as the hard of hearing. To deaf-mutes, as many term those deaf from childhood or infancy, the greatest boon in their lives and the crutch upon which they oftenest lean, is the language of signs. Occasionally a deaf person versed in the language of signs will mount the platform and discourse upon the evils of their use, but the well informed deaf



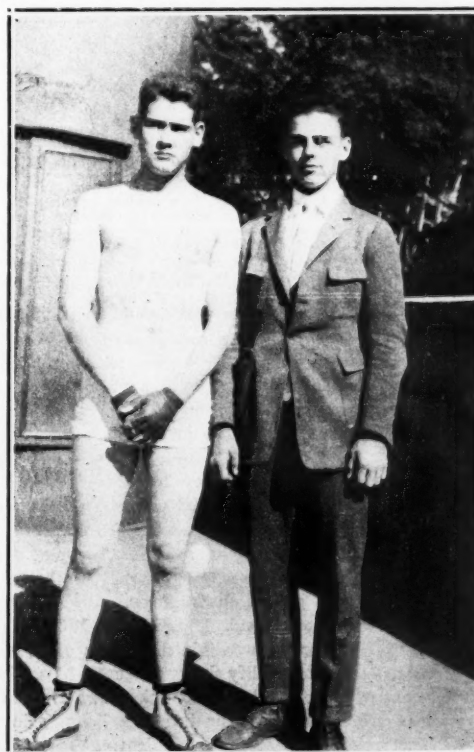
Berrardo who is a dark skinned son of the far east, has adopted a light complexioned native of America as trainer.

will look upon such outbursts as the offspring of a twisted mind, even if some ulterior motive is not suspected. At the opposite extreme are that portion of the hearing population, and these may be regarded as nearly all of the hearing giving the matter any thought, who regard the use of signs as an abomination and a curse. In between come the hard of hearing and adult deafened, whose attitude towards signs varies with the facility with which they have learned to use later. Whatever the evil of signs thus acquired, it may be observed that the hard of hearing who become proficient in their use, find a new world more or less opened up to them and much of their former melancholy, morbidness and self interest disappears. Signs are a wonderful tonic for most of the distresses of deafness. The deaf take to them as a duck does to water and the only way to prevent their use, is figuratively speaking, to remove the water. In this respect the deaf are below water level and as water seeks its own level through even the tiniest of crevices, to draw a parallel we may say that the process of keeping signs from the deaf is one requiring ceaseless vigilance and a questionable amount extra toil.

The press is a powerful factor in influencing the public with regard to the status of the deaf. Newspapers, magazines and periodicals in general refuse to accept for publication material concerning the deaf as viewed from the standpoint

of the deaf themselves. Happiness brought into the lives of the deaf by the use of signs doesn't appeal to the hearing readers of the public press and editors know this and reject material playing up to this end. On the other hand, happiness produced through acquired speech and lip-reading makes a deep impression upon the average reader and furnishes good copy for the press. It is simply the different view point upon life as held by the hearing and the deaf. Papers which are published solely in the interests of the deaf, especially so-called independent newspapers for the deaf, are the most intensely interesting to the deaf themselves, but often fail to interest the general public. The writer has had plenty of opportunity to observe the class of literature that appeals to particular groups of the deaf and the hearing. Papers such as *The Deaf-Mutes' Journal* and the *SILENT WORKER* are eagerly sought by the deaf who are not already subscribers. The *SILENT WORKER* through its illustrations and also many of its dissections may be found interesting to particular groups of the hearing who are more or less familiar with the deaf. It is one of the magazines most frequently picked off the writer's parlor table by all classes of visitors. Representing quite a different class of the deaf is the *Volta Review*. This is a magazine little known to the average deaf-mute and as far as the writer knows never sought after by such. On the other hand, it is a magazine that seems to be all in all to many oral teachers of the deaf and the most acceptable paper to the hard of hearing, the deafened, and the general public.

Of late years the *Volta Review* has exhaustively covered the field of the deafened and the hard of hearing. Organizations

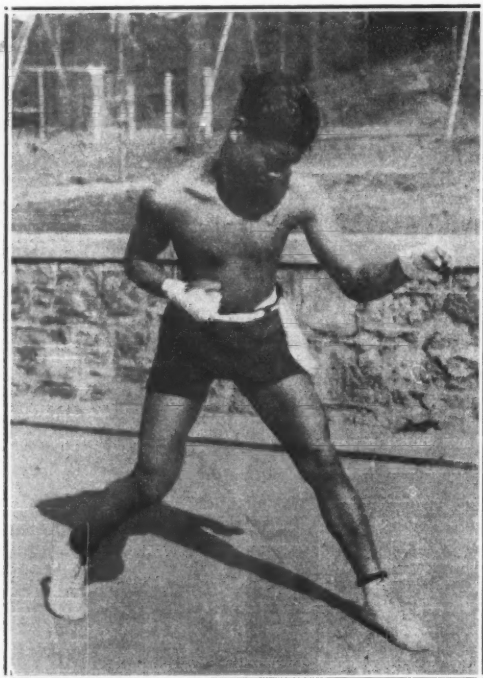


An American boxer and his improvised trainer.

seeking the betterment of the latter are springing up in all parts of the country and are devoted to the practice of lip-reading while social centers are affording them not only recreation but a release from the former melancholy lot which was often theirs. While we cannot conceive many of these people to be more happily situated than are the deaf who are

brought into frequent and pleasureable contact with each other through the use of signs, there are many situations in which the lot of these various classes of the deaf overlap. Through the establishment of employment agencies, hard of hearing associations are making a vigorous campaign to provide work for their members. The average deaf-mute has usually long since found himself and knows the *modus operandi* of securing a job where such is obtainable. Yet employment agencies for this class of the deaf should be provided wherever possible. The Oakland Silent Athletic Club, which is receiving almost

approached, fruit stores presented a rather forlorn aspect. Now they seem almost as bright as in midsummer. Stopping before a fruit store today, I counted within its windows about a dozen kinds of fresh fruit, and some of these were also present in many different varieties. In addition there were many kinds of fresh vegetables. The art of horticulture has evidently taken great strides forward during the past few years. By carefully cutting away dying branches from her blackberry vines, Mrs. Hoar is almost daily supplying her table with fresh berries, even at this late date.



Bernardo Cuengo, a Filipino boy, is a student at the California school for the deaf. In addition to being a good student he is a first class boxer. Bernardo came to America with the expressed intention of preparing for Gallaudet college. He will no doubt be hailed with acclaim by the athletic element at the college.

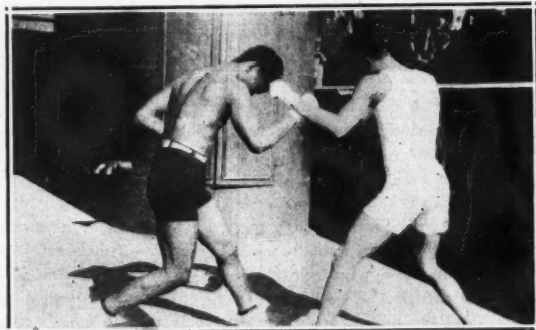
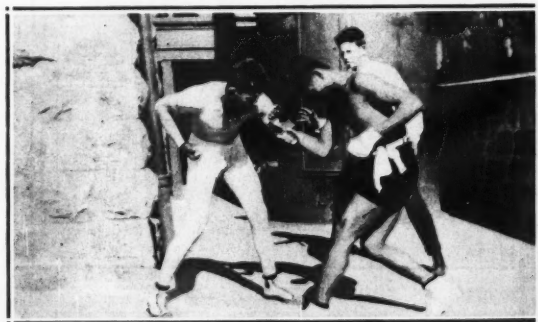
daily visitors from other parts of the country, has constant calls to assist the latter in obtaining employment. The club has now under formation an employment agency which it is hoped will take care of a large part of these applicants for work and make of them permanent residents of this locality instead of allowing them to drift on further in search of employment.

At this writing, towards the end of November, there is an exhibition of fruit being shown at the University of California in Berkeley. Mrs. Wm. Hoar, who was Leo Brimmer at the time she attended the state school for the deaf, sprung a surprise on the faculty of the University by entering in the exhibit a display of ripe figs grown in Berkeley. Previously the agricultural experts connected with the university had made the statement that figs did no ripen within fifty miles of Berkeley. Now they are hastening to qualify that statement. Mrs. Hoar's figs are delicious examples of the Brunswick variety and so far as known her tree is the only one bearing ripe figs in this territory. The writer has noticed many fig trees in Berkeley, but all are purely ornamental, the figs falling off the tree long before ripening comes. The university authorities will obtain cuttings from Mrs. Hoar's tree and propagate the same. This tree which is loaded with figs has been yielding a supply of the ripe article for more than a month and evidently will bear for a month longer. It will be quite a novelty to pick figs for Christmas in Berkeley.

Speaking of fruit, it was not many years ago that as winter

From *The Delineator* we glean the following: "She (Mrs. Calvin Coolidge) became a teacher to support herself. She chose the hardest work in her profession—teaching the deaf. That teaching the deaf is the hardest work in the teaching profession is something that we (meaning teachers of the deaf) have always known to be true, so it gives us satisfaction to know that others also know it. But the fact might never have been admitted had not one of the profession been elevated to first lady in the land.

The second annual banquet to be given in this territory in honor of the birthday of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet was held at the Hotel Claremont, Berkeley. Conducted under the auspices of the various local deaf organizations, nearly a hundred were present. This is almost double the number who attended the banquet last year and indicates that interest in the affair is increasing. The sum of \$ 14.00 was collected for the Gallaudet Monument fund. Presumably the goal set for this fund has now been reached and there yet remains for the National Association of the deaf to complete the quota set for the De l'Epee.



Bernardo Cuengo who makes the light weight limit can take on American boys of much heavier build.

statue fund. There are worthy objects, destined to perpetuate the memory of two of the men whose lives mark epoches in the history of the education of the deaf. With the completion of these statue funds it will be well for the Nad to direct its efforts towards other fields. The sums being raised for these statues are in the writers opinion out of proportion to the funds at the command of the Nad. But having been begun they should be

pushed to full completion. More valuable to the deaf will be active funds whose income can be used to the direct benefit of the deaf now living and those to come. Funds are needed not only for the conduct of the Nad itself, the establishment of a home office and the payment of adequate salaries to the employees, but also for the founding of various bureaus looking towards safe guarding the rights of the deaf to proper employment, to the operation of automobiles, to the preservation of the sign language, to the dissemination of common sense literature regarding the deaf, et cetera.

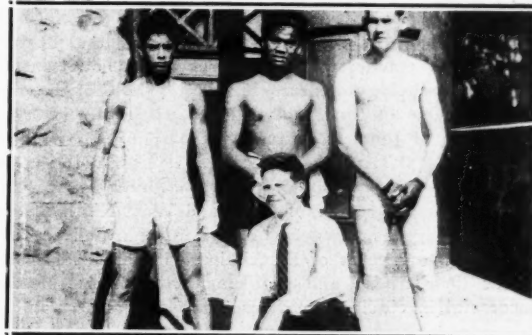
The various localities which are setting forth their advantages as next meeting places for the National Association of the Deaf, are pointing with pride to their climatic and geographical situation, and the ability of their leading cities to entertain the convention on a fitting scale. At preceding convention places it has been the custom after the location had been definitely decided upon to collect a sum, the larger the better, for the entertainment of the convention members. Incidentally an effort has usually been made to run up as large a local membership in the Nad as possible. The enthusiasm thus aroused has reached its peak during convention week and the inevitable relapse has followed the adjournment of the convention. Local membership would slowly dwindle and interest in the Nad would wane. This would be the usual procedure, but it seems that places seeking the next convention of the Nad could take advantage of past experiences and strengthen their position by running up as large a number of life members as possible. At least the place awarded the convention should do this. Practically any location chosen by the Nad for its next meeting place should be able to show at least 100 life members by convention time. These could be secured by voluntary application from individuals, as prizes at entertainments, and in a variety of ways. One hundred life members would add \$1000 to the endowment fund of the Nad, would give the latter 100 additional permanent members, and would insure the home town a permanent branch of the Nad. Following the Convention there would be no sudden drop in Nad membership nor any great loss of interest in the Association. Then wherever the Nad held a convention it would leave its roots firmly planted in the soil, to blossom and bring forth fruit year by year.

Quite a number of the deaf were attracted to Ewing Field, San Francisco, to witness the final high school game of the year and the one which decided the championship of the state. They were drawn there not only by the game itself, but also by the fact that one of the leading players of both teams was heralded in the daily press as being 'almost stone deaf.' This was Caldwell, the Bakersfield halfback. At the game it was noticed that he was only hard of hearing and could carry on a conversation at close quarter much after the manner of Capt. Lee of the Oakland Silents. The Bakersfield team did not as in previous years have a special set of signs for conveying the signals to Caldwell, as the boy himself called the signals. After the game sporting writers termed Caldwell the outstanding star among high school players of the state, which means one of the best in the country as the prep school game in California is highly developed. Caldwell proved exceptionally good at both long and short forward passing, he could run and buck the line, was very strong on secondary defense, drop-kicked well, and none of his numerous punts were for less than fifty yards. Twenty thousand people witnessed the contest, which was won by Bakersfield. Two thousand enthusiasts made the 300 mile trip from the southern city. Nearly every boy and girl attending the high school there was on hand, local merchants and townspeople having raised a fund which insured free transportation for those who would have otherwise been unable to make the trip.

This last day of the year 1923 finds the Oakland Silent Athletic Club moving to new quarters. They have taken the entire top floor of a close in building convenient to Oakland's

business district. With a floor space of 40 by 90 feet the Club quarters will be more commodious than before. Half a dozen stalwart members are busy with hammers and plane setting up partitions and transforming the interior. This new move of the club is a great step forward and places it in the front of similar organizations along the Pacific Coast.

Tonita Peralta Lehman's daughter, whose picture appeared



Group of boxers at the California school, a Spaniard, a Filipino, and a native son.

in the SILENT WORKER some time back, entered the University of California last fall at the tender age of fifteen. This is probably a record for a child of deaf parents to achieve taking in the standing of the university. Unfortunately Miss Lehman's health gave way and she was compelled to withdraw from the school, the university authorities advising her that she was far too young to continue except under more favorable conditions.

The truth itself is not believed,
From one who often has deceived.

—Anon.



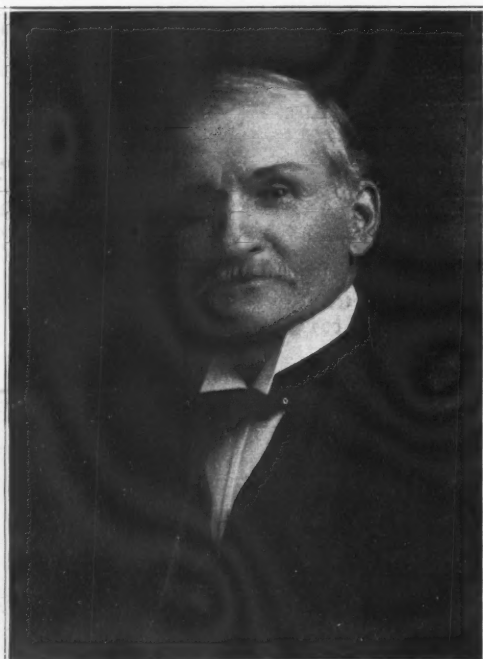
A. L. PACH PHOTO.
MISS ANNA KEIGHTLEY, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a graduate of the Brooklyn Branch of St. Joseph's.

ANGELENOGRAMS

By AUGUSTA K. BARRETT



HE OLD school teachers of the deaf who knew the sign language and the manual alphabet, and were in the profession before the days of Combined and Prue Oral Schools are fast disappearing from the face of earth. It has been well said, and I believe it to be true, that hearing teachers of those times had a better insight into the psychology of deafness than do those of the present day. One of those old teachers we have with us in the person of John A. Kennedy, who is in charge of the Congregational Mission for the Deaf in Los Angeles. He holds service every Sunday afternoon at the Congregational Church near the corner of Hope and West Ninth Streets. Mr. Kennedy has an energetic style of sign delivery, and after his many years of association with the deaf understands their trials and problems. He has so far been successful in eluding reporters, but we persuaded him to



JOHN A. KENNEDY, for many years a teacher at the Iowa and Illinois Schools for the Deaf and now engaged in Missionary work in Los Angeles.

depart from this policy for once and are pleased to present this brief outline of his life.

The subjects of this sketch was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, coming to America at the age of two years, in a sailing ship, taking seven weeks for the tedious voyage. The first school he attended was in Rock Island, Illinois. At the age of seven, the family moved in a covered wagon—no railroads west of the Mississippi then—to the frontier town of Iowa Falls, Iowa, where his boyhood years were spent on a farm.

In the fall of 1864, Mr. Kennedy enlisted in a cavalry regiment fighting the Indians in Dakota; after serving one year, he was honorably discharged and returned home. As years pass, the privilege is keenly appreciated by veterans of wearing the Grand Army button, and meeting

comrades of the Civil War at annual encampments. After taking a course in the High School and clerking a year in a store, he entered the State University in the fall of 1869, graduating from the Normal Department in June, 1872. While a student at the university Mr. Kennedy had his first experience with the deaf. Frequently, while passing the School for the Deaf, then located at Iowa City, he



MR. AND MRS. GUSTAV GEYER on the lawn at their home in Los Angeles. Mrs. Geyer recently celebrated her 85th birthday.

observed intently the pupils while at play making gestures and using their fingers to express their ideas. With surprise he heard them shout, but not a word spoken.

In the spring of 1873, while teaching a District school, Mr. Kennedy received a letter from Benjamin Talbot, Superintendent of the Iowa School for the deaf at Council Bluffs, offering him a position as teacher, on the recommendation of Professor Fellows, of the University. Mr. Kennedy replied that he had no thought of taking up that line of work; knew nothing of the methods of teaching the deaf; therefore, doubtless, he was not the man wanted for the work. A few days later, a second letter came,



MR. AND MRS. JESSIE C. BROWN, of San Diego, California. Mr. Brown has been a mailing clerk in the San Diego Post Office the past eighteen years. He is a graduate, class of '01, of the Missouri School.

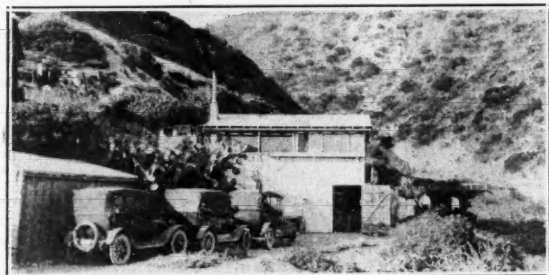
explaining how hearing teachers were instructed in the sign language by experts and fitted to take charge of a class of new pupils.

The possibilities of the work this revealed—a work which the public school teacher was unable to do—made

their appeal; the position was accepted—though not without some misgivings—and in September, 1873, Mr. Kennedy began his work for the deaf, remaining for a period of ten years.

On his arrival at the school, it was Mr. Kennedy's good fortune to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Mary E. Vanderburgh, a very estimable lady—at that time Assistant Matron—who two years later became his wife.

When Moses Folsman became Superintendent—without experience with the deaf—he appointed Mr. Kennedy as principal of the school department for a year. In September, 1883, Mr. Kennedy was invited by Dr. Philip Gillett



THE SANTA MONICA MOUNTAINS MEET THE SEA

to join the teaching staff of the Illinois School, at that time the largest school for the deaf in the country, having an attendance each year of over 500 pupils.

In June, 1908, fearing a nervous break-down, he gave up the work to which 35 years had been devoted. Then after a year of ranch life in Montana's bracing air, his physical vigor was fully restored.

During the past twelve years, Mr. Kennedy has been conducting Sunday services for the deaf of Los Angeles, with the desire to promote their moral and spiritual welfare.

Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy are the parents of four children, Robert C., who died in 1914 in Montana; Melville T., now engaged in Y. M. C. A. work in Calcutta, India, (he has four boys and will bring his family for a visit to Los Angeles next year) Philip J., a veteran of the World War, who was injured in an auto wreck in France and now makes his home with his parents; Helen T., the only daughter is manager of all branch libraries in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Alice T. Terry, recently elected President of the California Association of the Deaf, is the first woman to attain to that high office in this state. Mrs. Terry begins her administration with characteristic energy and originality. She does not believe in the custom generally followed by State Associations of having Conventions and then doing nothing during the years before the next convention rolls around. One reason State Associations of the Deaf accomplish so little is that most of them have so little money in their Treasury. So Mrs. Terry hit on the idea of having a "C.A.D. Rally!", hiring a hall, and arranging (with her committee) an entertaining evening and inaugurating a drive for more members. Several weeks before the event hand-bills were distributed among the deaf of which this is a copy:

RALLY!

California Association of the Deaf
Saturday, November 17th, 8 o'clock P. M.
COME!

at Fraternal Brotherhood Building,
845 South Figueroa Street, Los Angeles.
Boost Our Cause—the Cause of the Deaf
A Rare Good Time for Everybody.

ADDRESS BY MR. H. D. HICKER

of the State Board of Education.

MISS BESSIE REAVES, Interpreting.

Fancy Stage Dancing by Hollywood Talent

Dancing on the Floor for All—Booths and Side Shows

Miniature Prize Fight—See the Knockout

California Exhibit Booth—Solomon's Swindle Soap

Most Beautiful Woman in the World.

Refreshments Served in Banquet Hall—No Charge

COME AND BRING YOUR FRIEND

Admission, 25 cents; Children, 10 cents

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS

H. L. Terry, Chairman

Miss Spranger

Mrs. Ruggero

W. H. Rothert

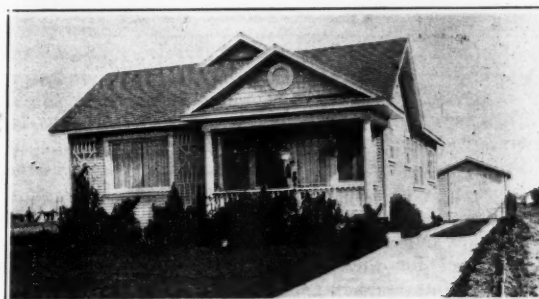
C. H. Murdey

Ten pounds Virginia style baked ham for holder of lucky number on admission ticket.

The "Rally" was a great success and brought out a record-breaking crowd, showing that all factions would unite in the support of the California State Association of the Deaf.

It was noticed that the hearing people present were much interested in the Industrial exhibit, which had been an afterthought and in the limited time was not as complete as it could have been. The Times reporter only stayed half of the evening and did not see one number, the fine rendition of "The Star Spangle Banner" by Mrs. W. F. Schneider dressed as Columbia in a costume of stars and stripes.

A part of Mr. Hecker's address was about the Vocational Training department of the State Board of Education, giving a number of instances of those crippled or otherwise handicapped who had been taught some method of supporting themselves. They had trained one young deaf man C. O. Moore, and he thought it possible they might be of assistance to some other deaf people and told of their office in the Pacific Finance Building at Sixth and



HOME OF MR. AND MRS. ERNEST BINGHAM
Los Angeles

Olive Streets, which is called Vocational Guidance Department. This is the Times account of the "Rally:"—

More than 300 deaf mutes and their friends gathered for a social program and dance last night at the Fraternal Brotherhood Hall, 845 South Figueroa Street.

There were speeches by H. D. Hecker of the State Board of Education; Miss Bessie Reaves, interpreting; H. L. Terry, president of the association and Miss Reaves, instructor of English at the Roosevelt High School.

Following the address there was a program of fancy dancing given by a group of Hollywood professionals interested in the welfare of the deaf.

Around the sides of the hall were booths and laugh-provoking side shows, as well as an excellent display of the work of members of the association. In this exhibit were several volumes of prose and verse by Howard L.

Terry, J. Schuyler Long, Miss Annabelle Kent, A. D. Jackson and others; paintings by C. O. Moore, a young artist of promising talent; wood-carving; beaded bags; basketry by Miss E. Spranger, aprons and blouses of excellent design and workmanship, and other examples of hand-craft.

At the close of the program chairs were removed and dancing was engaged in by the younger set, who caught the rhythmic vibration of the orchestra and danced with the same swing and verve as do those who hear perfectly.

November fifth in Los Angeles and a lawn party celebrating the 85th birthday of Mrs. Gustavus Geyer. The party was arranged by her daughters Mrs. Durham and Mrs. Butler. The rains have been delayed this year, and it was a beautiful day, the brilliant sunshine making it warm enough to have the party outdoors. (Think of it, shivering Easterners, a lawn party in November!) The table, laden with good things for the luncheon was set out on the lawn, and decorated by a basket of huge yellow chrysanthemums, emblematic of the golden anniversary almost reached by Mr. and Mrs. Geyer who have been married 47 years. About thirty deaf ladies were present and Mrs. Geyer received many nice presents making many a cute remark when she unwrapped them.

Just as the daughters were going to serve the luncheon, to their surprise there appeared a reporter and photographer from the Illustrated Daily News, the paper es-

said she would feel better sitting in the sun, and supported by her husband, she sat down on the window seat. She said she felt better as the sun warmed her face and a few minutes later had expired. A lovely death we may call it—to pass away thus quietly without illness and suffering.

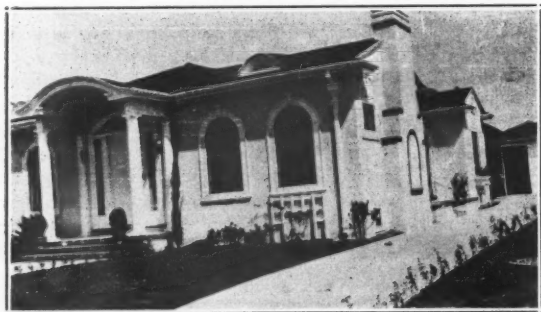
Many are the strange and interesting experiences of deaf motorists on the highways en route to Los Angeles. One of these illustrates the great kindness to animals which is one of the traits of Mrs. Royal Lamont. We think



MRS. ROYAL LAMONT AND HER SON OLIVER, and the stray, weary colt they found on the highway in New Mexico. Note the colt's comfortable expression as his head reclines on the mattress.

she deserves a medal from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Mrs. and Mrs. Lamont, their son Oliver, and their friend Miss James left Oklahoma City, July 3, in an F. B. Chevrolet roadster. Mrs. Lamont drove the car all the way to Los Angeles, as the others had not yet learned to drive. One day when about 25 miles from Las Vegas, New Mexico, she was driving rather fast when she saw a colt coming toward her directly in her path. She stopped the car and they then saw a starved and weak colt barely able to stand. For Mrs. Lamont to leave the poor animal by the roadside was not to be thought of, and assisted by Mr. Lamont and Oliver, they hoisted the colt on to the back of the roadster. Getting into the car Mr. Lamont and Oliver held on to the colt until they reached the first farm



HOME OF MR. AND MRS. FRANK B. ROBERTS
Fifth Avenue, Los Angeles

established here in September by Cornelius Vanderblit, Jr. A picture was taken of Mr. and Mrs. Geyer, then another of the entire party, and these appeared two days later in the *News*.

Mrs. Geyer's maiden name was Sidney An Grisby and she and her husband were among the first pupils of the Ohio School for the Deaf, during the incumbency of Superintendents Hubbell and Stone. After their marriage they lived at Galesburg, Illinois, four years where Mr. Geyer conducted a harness shop. They were induced to come to Los Angeles by their only son (since deceased) about twelve years ago. They make their home with their daughter, Mrs. Durham, and Mrs. Butler is now also a resident of the city. Both Mr. and Mrs. Geyer have a clear recollection of their school days and related some incidents of those early days. One of these was about a girl living away out in the country, and rode out there on horseback, talked with her parents, and brought her back to school with him! What a contrast there is between the magnificent modern schools for the deaf and those struggling pioneers establishments.

Later Mrs. Gustavus Geyer died on Christmas Day, which was also Mr. Geyer's 83d birthday. That morning she had partaken of breakfast and seemed in her usual health. At about 9:30, while sitting in the living room watching a Christmas tree being decorated in another room, she complained of a pain in one side of her face. She



HOME OF MR. AND MRS. ROSCOE D. DEPEW,
Los Angeles.

house near Las Vegas. No one was at home there, and Mrs. Lamont wrote a note detailing the circumstances and asking them to care for the colt, and this she tied to his mane. The farmer had horses and cows of his own so the party came away feeling reasonably sure that he would feed and care for the colt. The intelligent animal dumbly showed he was sorry to be left behind. Soon after reaching Los Angeles Mr. Lamont got a good job on the Los Angeles *Examiner*, and Mr. and Mrs. Lamont and Miss James enjoy going to the Los Angeles Silent Club.

C h i t c h a t

By JAMES F. BRADY



WRITERS are vexed when they discover typographical errors in their articles, and readers wonder what sort of spellers authors are. When the blame is traced to the proof reader maledictions are heaped upon his head. He is not always the guilty party though. The typesetter and make-up man are "particeps criminis."

To those not familiar with printing, a brief description of the routine work of a magazine or book will not be amiss. A manuscript is read and edited by the editor to judge its worth, to punctuate it, and if necessary, wield the blue pencil. The article is given to the linotypist and he sets lines in the form of slugs. When done, a proof is taken of the type and the proof given to the proof reader who looks for and marks errors. The marked proof is returned to the linotypist and he makes corrections. Remember that when he does it he has to set a whole line and often he makes an error somewhere else on that particular line and it is overlooked by all concerned.

With monotype work it is different. The lines are made up of separate letters and in correcting errors one has to change only the wrong letters. Still, typographical errors occur when the corrector in picking up the line to transfer it to his "stick" spills the line (makes a "pi") and resets the line, overlooking errors. The proof reader, when he gets the revised proof, compares the first proof with it and looks only for those errors on first proof. And so it goes.

Now we come to the make-up part. The editor cuts out the "O. K." proofs and pastes them up in a "dummy." (That word has nothing to do with our state of hearing and does not refer to any individual). "The dummy" is handed to the make-up man and he proceeds to assemble the type and make up into pages. It does not seem possible how he can be held blamable for errors since he assembles type set by others, yet he can make an article look ludicrous sometimes. In picking up linotype slugs he drops a few and places them where he thinks they belong and often as not he misplaces them. Now the proofreader gets a "make-up" or "stone" proof and he compares the revised proof, not knowing that the make-up man has pied some lines. And the form goes to press. Soon after the editor, the author, the proof reader and the printers are made aware that their intellects are fragile, to say the least.

The above routine is for the average shop. In the big places proofs are read half dozen times and checked up and rechecked, and yet outsiders discover errors. Not long ago I was reading a volume of Harvard Classics and I came across the word "intestinal" wars when either internal or internecine was meant. At my work I meet with laughable slips and in my reading my sense of humor is jollied by "drunkenness is jolly" when folly was intended: "a battle-scarred veteran" made to appear battle-scarred and the editor apologized and the next printing had "bottle-scarred." News item of a man and friends going hunting had Mr. Blank and fiends," and another piece about a train going full speed into a cow standing on the tracks and "cutting her literally into calves." Some bright compositor evidently believed the author had peculiar writing and set up for zigzag staircases "219, 290" staircases and the proof reader agreed. In the advertisement sections of newspapers a quack doctor had "infernal" remedies; a real estator, "a louse" for rent; an importer, "boxes of pigs from Smyrna." *Ad infinitum.*

How much difference one little letter misplaced makes, as in the case of a prominent man who died and whose body

was shipped to Hull for interment, and the compositor had "e" in place of "u" for the destination.

If the University of Oxford offered a reward to any one who found an error in a Bible issued by them and the reward stood for several years till a lynx-eyed gentleman discovered one, let us be less critical if typographical errors bob up in this magazine, taking into consideration that pupils in the school set and make up the page, without the help of a "professional" proof reader.

DEAF-MUTES IN STORIES

Now and then I come across references to deaf people—invariably "deaf and dumb"—when I read books. "The Pharaoh and the Priest," by Glovatski, describes the times of Ramese XII and it was exciting till I came to nearly the end when the following passage occurred: "Ramese made a pilgrimage to the priest Menes, who, at that time, declared the earth was not flat and was completing measures and calculations touching upon the size of the earth. Ramese wishing to have a secret conversation with the priest asked if he was alone. Menes replied that he was since his deaf and dumb servant had gone to the temple to beg." My whole interest after that was centered upon the servant, but no more was said of him. I began to ponder and wonder if he had any education, how he and his class fared in these momentous days of history, whether he knew that his master, the priest, was a remarkable mathematician and calculated perfectly to degrees the size of the globe on which we live, how he conversed with others, if he was happy and contented or ignorant of ideals and aims. Peace to thy mummy and may thy God Osiris look with kind eyes upon thy spirit, O dark brother of Silence!

Of another kind is the imposter in Bocaccio's Decameron. He was certainly lucky he did not have the N. A. D. Imposter Bureau on his trail. Naughty, naughty boy, I won't mention you any further.

AS SOCRATES SAID

Plutarch credits Socrates with saying, in his Consolation to Appollonius, the words: "If all our misfortunes were laid in one common heap, whence every one must take an equal portion, most persons would be contented to take their own and depart."

We are handicapped by deafness in becoming what we wish to be if we could hear and we often imagine how superior to our present selves we would be and how much happier. Those day-dream get us nowhere and if we persist in cursing our fates and mop our misfortune our minds will be unhinged and nobody will bother to listen to our peripatetic tale of woe.

Fortunately we have a balance in our head and with our ability to take things philosophically things are not so bad after all. We are a class apart, it is true, and we have troubles peculiar to ourselves, but the world loves a fighter who will tackle and overcome misfortunes. I know how things sometimes try our souls and test our patience, giving life a deep blue tinge, and how, when we conquer, our victories taste all the sweeter.

If God decreed that we go through life bereft of our sense of hearing, He must have done it for a purpose, and it is up to us to show Him and the world at large the stuff we are made of.

If we but knew it, the world is full of misfortune and woe, even among hearing people, rich people, saints and sinners

alike. After all, our troubles are comparative and if as Socrates said, we had our choice of misfortunes, we would choose deafness. Would you not?

DEAF AUTHORS

When I asked in the October issue of this magazine why there have not been deaf authors, it was after querying "old timers" in Philadelphia who could not give me the name or work of any. I am sure Mr. Terry will pardon ignorance of the existence of a book by him and if the shades of Mesdames Martineau and Redding are vexed at my oversight of their writings, I'll make atonement to them when I take the journey West.

If the above-mentioned people were successful at the writing game, financially speaking, others can do the same—all things considered. It is not necessary to tell about deaf people or use them in "plots," though a book with that theme which becomes a good seller would do much to brush aside the cobweb of misunderstanding on the part of most hearing people concerning us.

A deaf—or deaf-mute—author is a possibility. Why not?

SOMETHING NEW

In school we have biographies of great people who have climbed to the top and they are lauded because they overcame obstacles. They are all right in their way, but why do not principals or superintendents of schools for the deaf gather together material touching upon the success in life of their graduates—be they shoemakers, carpenters, artists, printers, or what not? The term success does not necessarily mean garnering of millions, the rise to power, the swaying of nations, overlooking the handicapped who day in and day out plod on and get a competence in old age. They are a success in their chosen fields and point a moral to the young minds similarly handicapped. "A man forearmed is twice armed" can be applied to the scholars who, when they graduate, will know what he has to face in life as exemplified in the biography mentioned and be prepared accordingly.

Why not give it a trial?

THE DEAF AND THE LAW

A few years ago Germany was laughed at as the land of "Verbotten," which translated means "Forbidden." At every step one came across signs with that lone word. We who lived in the grand and glorious United States would not stand for such nonsense.

Times have changed indeed. We are being lawed to death and we talk about obnoxious laws which take away our personal liberties and do nothing else. First it was the States that limited our liberties and now we have the national government turning paternalistic, or as bad in Germany bureaucratic, and we do not do anything to stop the trend but talk. Prohibition of alcoholic drinks is sure to be followed by prohibition of smoking, that is, if we sit still and allow busybodies and so called reformers to make laws for us. Then I prophesy the next thing those ultra-good people will demand eugenic marriages, forbidding deaf people to obey the God-given instinct to mate with their own choice, the sign language will be forbidden by State laws. Pennsylvania already has one in the form of signing of affidavits by principals of schools for the deaf to the effect that "the oral method of instruction is the only medium of instruction." It was a surprise to every one concerned when the law was explained to them. No school can get an appropriation unless the affidavit is signed. Who put it through has not been learned, but the principals of two "pure-oral" schools are supposed to have turned the trick, and the Mt. Airy School is not one of them!

What are you people going to do about it? Talk and talk? Or write about it in our paper? That is no way to stop it. Go to the legislature and fight there, and demand a hearing (through pad and pencil.)

When Pennsylvania had laws ready to prevent us from driving cars there was nothing to stop the legislators. They were as good as passed till Rev. Mr. Smielau sounded the warning and called our attention to the attempted infringement of our rights as citizens and taxpayers. Over \$1300.00 was collected and a lawyer was hired to do the fighting for us. Needless to say we won.

Had we waited for the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf and the National Association of the Deaf to meet in convention and pass whereases and resolutions giving vent to our angry feelings, the deaf of Pennsylvania would by now feel cheap and apologetic. Once a statue is passed, it is hard to repeal it. Pennsylvania has an old "blue" law forbidding sales on Sundays and it has been in force for over two hundred years. Though more honored in the breach than in the observance no one has had the temerity to ask its repeal because of the "church vote."

It is not always necessary for an association to take the initiative in any step looking to the welfare of the deaf. One man, with zeal and confidence in his judgment can arouse the people and the necessary money will come to "grease" the wheels, as witness what Mr. Smielau did. But he will tell the world that it was a discouraging and disheartening affair while it lasted. It was lucky that we had such a one as he—a veteran of many battles among and with the deaf—spiritually and temporally.

As he says, "Well, we won."

NEE

We writers do not always write for fun. Our motive is to entertain and if we instruct others thereby we are satisfied. Mr. Pach in the not long past dilated on the error of people when they used the word *nee* followed by the first name of the lady instead of only the last name she had at birth. He made it as clear as possible, yet the other day in another paper I came across news-notes from Alexander's city and the mistake was repeated. "A prophet unknown in his own city."

So all was well. As short was the magistrate who asked the bridegroom: "Take her?" "Yes." To the bride, "Take him?"

LACONISMS

A laconism is a manner of expressing with few words, Drake, commander of the English ships against the Spanish, posed to be brief and concise in their speech and writings. How well we deaf people with our sign language would have fitted in with the scheme of things then. Of course to be laconic presupposes a well-trained mind and the ability to compress a lot into a little and say less. President Coolidge, like other famous men, had things credited to him that he may not be guilty of, mostly in the way of being a clam, or if talking at all, as briefly as possible. He had many predecessors in history with that gift. An Athenian thousands of years ago, after listening to another's bombastic speech, got up and declaimed: "What he says I do." Victor Hugo, anxious about his "Les Misérables" wrote to the publishers simply this

?

and the publishers answered as laconically

!

So all was well. As short was the magistrate who asked the bridegroom "Take her?" "Yes." To the bride, "Take him?" "Yes." "Married. Two dollars." What more was necessary? Drake commander of the English ships against the Spanish, after fighting and beating them, sent the simple message to Queen Elizabeth: "Cantharides." (The Spanish fly.)

Surely laconisms have their places in our speech and they are a relief from the awful windbags we encounter now and then—but as for us to indulge in them all the time, well that is something else.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE

By MARGARET C. JACKSON



TIME has flown so swiftly that the students are strongly suspecting that it is possessed of a pair of wings. The month of November on Kendall Green was exceedingly eventful. Never before in many years has there been such a splendid record as the Gallaudet eleven made this season. "What is the matter with Gallaudet?" had been current in the public opinion for several years, but this year the public set itself on the *qui vive* for Gallaudet? The *esprit de corps* of the Buff and Blue team resulted in four victories won from the powerful Camp Meade Jank Corps, St. Joseph's College, Drexel Institute, and Randolph-Macon. The following is a recent clipping from the Washington *Evening Star*:

Gallaudet's plucky team concluded a most successful season with a gallant stand against a greatly superior Gettysburg eleven. The team that had bowled over several sturdy Pennsylvania aggregations scored a couple of touch-downs in the first period, then was unable to make any headway against the Kendall Greeners. The defeat was the third of the year for Gallaudet and its other conquerors were Western Maryland and the Quantico Marines, both exceptionally strong teams. But Gallaudet won four of its seven games and played well enough to indicate that it was the best of the minor group of District college elevens.

The first Literary meeting of the O. W. L. S. for the collegiate year was held Friday evening, November second, in the Girls' Reading Room. Mrs. Harley D. Drake, '05, delivered an interesting lecture on the life of Dr. E. A. Fay. Mrs. Erickson supplemented Mrs. Drake's lecture by relating the beginning of Dr. Fay's connection with the O. W. L. S. Miss Markstad, '25, upheld the story contest with the Misses Marino, '26, and Mason, '27. An amusing monologue, "The Evening Call," was given by Miss Caldwell, '27. Miss Edwards, '25, gracefully signed a declamation, "Lead Kindly Light."

Saturday, November third, was a sort of home coming day for the Alumni. Among those who made a pilgrimage to Kendall Green were: the Rev. Mr. Henry J. Pulver, '17, of Washington; Mrs. Henry Austin, '17, of Washington; Mr. Kelly H. Stevens, '20, of Trenton; Mr. Edward Harmon, '21, of Washington; Mr. Clarence Baldwin, '23, of Washington; and Mr. Fred Conner, '23, of Washington. The victory of the Gallaudet eleven over the Jank Corps from Camp Meade and a Hallowe'en party all coming on the same day were, indeed, a Mecca to the home-comers.

A Hallowe'en party was held in the "Old Jim" Hall, which was appropriately decorated for the event. Picturesque costumes worn by the merrymakers helped give it a kaleidoscopic effect. No one could resist the lure of youth, not even several teachers of the college. These were the Misses Coleman, Nelson, Gaarder, Hay, and Smith. They were disguised as the various members of an amusing Hookum Family. Imagine the students' dumb amazement when these teachers removed their masks!

Prizes were awarded for the prettiest, funniest, most original, and ugliest costumes. Refreshments, appropriate for the occasion, were served. The event is one indeed to be stored away in the memory chamber of pleasant bygone days.

Sunday afternoon, November fourth, Professor Irving Fusfield delivered an exceedingly inspiring lecture in the chapel. His subject was "Self-Starters." The point of Mr. Fusfield's lecture was the spark of life ignited by ambition.

The Literary Society held another successful meeting on November ninth with the following program:

Lecture: "The Beginning of Education of the Deaf in America."—Dr. Percival Hall.

Debate: "Resolved—That we should limit the President's term of office to one term."

Affirmative

Mr. Golden, '27

Mr. Brower, P. C.

Dialogue. "Why Not?"—Messrs. Penn, '25, and Knauss, '26.

Declamation: "A Legend of the Northland"—Mr. Marsden, '27.

Critic—Mr. Jones, '24.

The girls of the Young Women's Christian Association observed the week November 12-17 as the Universal Week of Prayer. Each day an officer of the Cabinet took turns at presiding over a fifteen minute prayer meeting.

Friday evening, November sixteenth, the student body had the pleasure of listening to a lecture given by Mr. Wheeler, head of the Forest Service Department in Washington. His interesting talk on the forests of the country and the value of protection was illustrated by means of stereopticon views. Professor Victor Skyberg interpreted.

Professor Hughes was called home on November third by the death of his mother, and was consequently absent from his duties several days. The whole student body extends their deep sympathy to him in his bereavement.

Saturday evening, November seventeenth, the "Ways and Means" Committee of the Gallaudet College Athletic Association entertained the student body and a large number of outsiders at a "Theatre Party." Films of Victor Hugo's *Toilers of the Sea* and "Now or Never," a comedy featuring Harold Lloyd were obtained for the occasion. The evening was pleasant for everybody, not mentioning one Freshman boy who dozed through the entire show.

The girls of the Y. W. C. A. conducted the Sunday afternoon service in Chapel Hall on November eighteenth, and gave a very interesting program.

Hymn: "Jesus is all the World to Me" — Miss McFarland, '27.

Prayer: Miss Wilson, '24.

Hymn: "The Recessional" — Miss Sandberg, '25.

Lecture: Mrs. Rising.

Friday evening, November twenty-third, the Literary Society held another meeting with a splendid program. Mr. Edward Harmon, '21, gave for his reading "Roderic of Kildare." The debate was "Resolved, That the U. S. Government should provide a bonus for the World War veterans." Messrs. Bradley, '26, and Killman, '27 were on the affirmative side, and Messrs. Pucci, '26 and Buman, '27 were on the negative side. Dialogue: "Gettysburg or Burst," was given by Messrs. Roe, '27, and Landry, P. C. Mr. Scheneman, P. C. recited a declamation, "The Destruction of Sennacherib." Mr. Connor, '23 acted as critic.

Sunday, November twenty-fifth, the Young Men's Christian Association had charge of the Sunday afternoon service in Chapel Hall. The service, on the whole, was an impressive one. Mr. Griffing, '24, opened the meeting with a prayer. Mr. Markel, '24, delivered a hymn, "If" in admirably graphic signs. Mr. Beauchamp, '25, read the twenty-third psalm. The audience was much pleased that the principal speaker was Mr. Thomas E. Shearman, a prominent lawyer of New York, who has been for many years well known among the students. His addresses are always a delight to them. For his subject, Mr. Shearman took "As Free as a Bird" and closed the service with a prayer.

Chapel Hall has another treasure added to its collection of pictures of deceased teachers and friends who have done great services towards the uplift of the deaf. The latest treasure is a picture of the late Dr. Edward Allen Fay, and it is a gift of

Mrs. Fay. On November twenty-second Dr. Hall read a letter from Mrs. Fay to the student body in which letter she requested him to accept the picture on behalf of the Doctor's services to the college. The picture was given on the eightieth anniversary of his birth. The students adorned the picture with ferns and carnations.

The Jollity Club presented to the public on the evening of November twenty-eighth, "The Hurdy Gurdy Girl," a modern comedy in Chapel Hall. The play proved a tremendous success. The actresses certainly deserve high praise from the audience.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Simon Luggate	Mildred Markstad, '25
Theodore Luggate, (his son)	Emma Sandberg, '25
Marion Luggate, (his daughter)	Estelle Caldwell, '27
Clarissa Luggate, (his sister)	Lalla Wilson, '24
Carlotta Vernon, (his niece)	Mary Dobson, '25
Susie, (his maid)	Rhoda Cohen, '25
Antonio Columbus (the Hurdy Gurdy Man)	Marie Marino, '26
Jim Stearns	Ella Clarkson, '24
Algeron Clancy	Ethel Mason, '27
Jack Grover	Lillian McGarland, '27
Billy Mason	Weinona Edwards, '25
Tom Murry	Ethel Newman, '26
Aristotle Lutzen	Fern Newton, '27
Mary Dayton	Dorothy Clark, P. C.
Helen Dayton	Oleto Brothers, '27
Dolly Stearnes	Edythe Czbun, '27
Josie Hopkins	Ruth Price, P. C.
Maisie Deane	Gladys Hansen, P. C.

SYNOPSIS

Charlotta Vernon is persuaded to disguise herself at a garden party as a "Hurdy-Gurdy Girl" and gets mixed up with the daughter of a hurdy-gurdy man, Antonio, with whom the son of the host becomes involved in college. The pursuit of damaging letters resulting from the correspondence and Antonio's private speculations with the host's personal property provide an amusing tangle.

The Thanksgiving holidays began on Wednesday, November twenty-eighth, and ended Monday Morning, December second. Several students, who are fortunate enough to live near Washington, spent their holidays away from Kendall Green.

The students observed Thanksgiving Day quietly. In Chapel Hall, Thanksgiving services were held under the management of the Y. M. C. A.

Hymn: "America, the Beautiful" — Mr. Kaercher, '26.

Reading of President Coolidge's Thanksgiving Proclamation — Mr. Boatwright, '24.

Short Talk — Mr. Jones, '24.

Hymn: "A Song of Thanksgiving" — Mr. Langenberg, '24.

The audience joined in "America" under the leadership of Mr. Yaffey, '25. Mr. Fletcher, '26 closed the services with a prayer.

The Co-eds have already begun their practice in basketball under the guidance of Mr. Elstaad, their coach. Miss Sandberg, '25, that promising captain, predicts a successful season. The following is the Co-ed's Basket-Ball Schedule.

Feb. 16 — George Washington University — away

Feb. 23 — National Park Seminary — away

March 1 — Eastern College — away

March 8 — Wilson Normal School — at home

MARGARET E. JACKSON

For talents mourn, untimely lost,
When best employed and wanted most.

—Marmion.

"What I am I must not show—
What I am thou could'st not know."

—The Monastery.

America's Madame Curie

BY ERSATZ VERITAS

Students of passing events and their effect on the advancement of civilization readily will recall the visit to this country a few years ago of Mme. Marie Curie, the distinguished French woman chemist, whose experiments with radioactive substances have had so profound an outcome in the world of chemistry.



THE LABORATORY IN FULL OPERATION

Her visit was coincident with the zenith of feminist activity here—an activity which, as one of its results, brought about the adoption of the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution giving the franchise to women.

Mme. Curie's lecture tour throughout the country was wonderful in its inspirational influence. Everywhere women had begun actively to seek out new paths of endeavor, and the example of this French savant could not but lead many to investigate the possibilities of a career in the field of chemistry. What women of European countries had done could be accomplished with certainty by women of America.

One of those who has assayed to follow in the footsteps of Mme. Curie has met with an unusual degree of success. In this her qualities of perseverance have been a commanding factor. She has been tireless in her pursuit of elusive elements, the conquest of which has been essential to the complete fruition of her purposes. She carries her work even into the vacation period, and the photograph produced herewith shows her famous outdoor laboratory in full operation. The focal restrictions of the camera do not show all of the intricate paraphernalia of retorts, crucibles, alembics, beakers, etc., but their presence is suggested by the curved pipe lying on the ground nearby. Her attentive uniformed assistants are no less enthusiastic in research work than she. Here they are shown tense with expectancy, awaiting the reaction that will demonstrate the success of an experiment that for four years past has been the objective of a host of amateur chemists all over the country. Whether success crowned her efforts on this occasion or not, we may be certain that her tireless energy will in the end conquer all obstacles.

Thus aged man, full loth and slow,
The vanities of the forego,
And count their youthful follies o'er,
Till memory lends her light no more.

—Rokeby.

There is a mood of mind we all have known,
On drowsy eve, or dark and low'ring day,
When the tired spirits lose their sprightly tone,
And naught can chase the lingering hours away.
—Harold the Dauntless.

The Woman and The Home

Edited by Mabel Pearson Moore

Neighborly Inspiration



NEIGHBORS! Neighbors! Neighbors! What an uninteresting world this would be if there were no neighbors to talk to, to talk about, to talk against!

For our neighbors we have a small family of four. Their house is about twenty-five feet from ours with a paved driveway between. Outwardly speaking, they are just common folk like the rest of us. In the every day walk of life, one would not notice them. Only perhaps one's attention would be called to the house by a closed delivery Ford, on which is inscribed in simple lettering, Richard S. Blank, Florist, Corner Walnut and Spencer. This car stops at the house each noon at twelve o'clock. At one, it goes away again, to return at six in the evening, remaining until seven in the morning when it is off again. Two men come and go, strictly about their business. One appears to be in the middle of the forties, tall, trim, erect. The other is younger, somewhere in the early twenties.

Next, our attention is drawn to the two ladies of the house. It is in the early days of October and they are outside, up on step-ladders laughing and chatting while tugging at the awning which surrounds the neat brick porch and which is at the first story windows. It seems to be a rather difficult job for the ladies to tackle, but finally the awning is loosened, folded neatly and carried away. Evidently the two ladies are sisters, who are married and with their husbands are living together. Both ladies are slender, neat and girlish in their gingham dresses. Both walk erect with a springy step. But no! I am informed of my mistake. One lady is the mother, the other, her daughter. Ah, I am all the more interested. How does the mother keep her girlish figure and her step which is even more alert than her daughter's? Why did not these ladies do the customary thing concerning those heavy awnings; wait for the two men of the house to take them down?

The next day is Thursday. I am up at seven, pull up the window shades and am greeted with a cheery nod from the daughter, who is frantically shaking a small rug from one of her bedroom windows. The mother is below, cleaning and dusting the first floor, throwing wide every window. So this is their cleaning day! And by the time I have finished breakfast and washed the dishes, they have cleaned the whole house and one has started off, with a market basket on her arm, for the day's food supplies. I wonder why they always walk when they have a car at their disposal, right in the garage!

Friday morning I discover the mother supervising a load of coal which is being delivered to the basement for the approaching winter. She is also settling the bill. The daughter is cutting the grass along the beautiful driveway and in the neat back yard. She then trims the flowers and picks bouquets for the house. Again I wonder. Why was not the grass left for the men to cut upon their return from work? It does not seem a woman's job. I conclude that they are not rich people or they would not hesitate to hire a boy to do the work. Rich women never work. Besides those two women are too human to be

rich. The way they laugh and talk with so many friends passing by would make any one love them.

I am up Saturday morning just in time to see the two ladies back their plain touring car out of the garage and drive off to the center of the city for their Sunday's food supply. They are back in an hour or two and prepare dinner for the men folk who came exactly at twelve. Afterwards I see the ladies sitting out on the porch, crocheting, reading or sewing which they do practically each afternoon of the week. It is their time for rest. They are certainly entitled to it.

Saturday evening they go, with the men folk off in the touring car, perhaps to a theatre, perhaps for a call or two. They are always back before nine-thirty, which is their set time for retiring on Saturdays as well as on each week day. I wonder why they cannot stay up a little later on Saturday evenings. They do not get up at six Sunday morning. They get up at seven. Again I wonder why they cannot sleep 'till nine or ten! Most of us do that on Sundays! They attend church, have dinner at one then go for a ride to the country I presume, since the ladies take off their church clothes and put on their "second best." The roads are dusty and there is so much travel on Sundays.

All is quiet Monday morning but when I have finished breakfast I see the daughter arranging a clothes line about the posts in the back yard. By ten-thirty the wash, white and clean, is out. The daughter starts for the store for the day's food supply, the mother starts dinner and the woman, who came at six-thirty to help with the washing, is scrubbing the front porch.

Tuesday morning I can see at the kitchen window, the clothes neatly folded being stacked up, piece by piece. The afternoon is spent on the porch as usual, reading or sewing.

Wednesday, I see the window blinds of the sewing room thrown high. The sewing machine is spinning at the window and I know the ladies are mending.

After all this family of four is just a plain family of hard working people. No doubt their florist store is a small flower shop at the corner of Walnut and Spencer, where-ever that is. Perhaps they just make ends meet.

One day in November, I go for a ride. My friend asks me where I desire to go. I decide that it would be nice to drive along Walnut Avenue as far as it goes and admire the beautiful homes. We drive on and on and suddenly I think of my neighbor and Spencer Avenue. I begin to watch for it. Away out in the suburbs I see "Spencer." I glance around for that little florist shop. It is not on the corner. My gaze wanders off a distance to what appears to be a large tire factory. My glance rises upward and rests on a huge water tank, "Richard S. Blank, Florist." My! the florist shop it so big! I wonder why!

When friends drop around us in life's weary waning,

The grief, Queen of Numbers, thou can'st not assuage;
Nor the gradual estrangements of those yet remaining.

The languor of pain and the chillness of age.

—Farewell to the Music.

Types of Children of Deaf Parents



Left to right—Louis Virginia (5 years old), Kathryn Berriecce, (7 years old) daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Hosea Hooper, of Denton, Texas; Warren Harding, (seventeen months old) son of Mr. and Mrs. William Revmann, of North White Lake, N. Y.; Mrs. Samuel Kohn, of New York, and her children Edward and Betty. Mr. and Mrs. Kohn are both Fanwood graduates.



Left to right—The youngest reader of *The Silent Worker*—Hermen, Jr. standing) and Donald Harper (sitting) sons of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Harper, of Alabama; Maybelle Frances, (seven months old) daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Quinn, of Grand Junction, Colorado; "Lolly-Paps" Velly Good, so thinks this little boy. You're wrong! She's a two year old Virginia Belle, granddaughter of John F. O'Brien of New York. Regularly after her daily dip in Highland Lake, Virginia is annexed to a "Lolly-Pap," as she calls it, and the camera caught her standing behind an overturned canoe.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.
—Lay of the Last Ministreal.

... Oft it haps, that when within
They shrink at sense scarlet sin,
A feather daunts the brave;
A fool's wild speech confounds the wise,
And proudest princes veil their eyes
Before their meanest slave.

—Marmion.

Side Lights of the Kentucky Centennial

By J. H. MUELLER



HERE is a lighter side to all reunions and conventions that is worth recording, but unfortunately, the recording secretary of such gatherings usually has so little time for anything other than the official proceedings that a wealth of good material is allowed to go to waste. But even if he were given carte blanche as to write ups, he would necessarily lose a lot of the real spice of the conclave, for we are sure no man could gather more than thirty per cent of the odd happenings unless he had a host of assistants. This probably is the reason why papers send special correspondents to big affairs—their's is to gobble up what the regular news gathering agencies are apt to overlook. Should this article, which is really a gathering of small ones, make anyone have a moment of pleasure, we shall have accomplished what we set out to do, or, in the words of our lamented Amos Galusha Draper, *quod erat faciendum* with apologies to his memory if we have the Latin of it wrong.

The writer has attended numerous conventions and reunions. It has been his positive experience that months after the adjournments had been taken, there was still considerable talk going on as to what Blank said to Clank; How Gink had the crowd give Bink the equine chortle over something that had happened to Rink some forty years previous; *et cetera*, so forth, and so on. Believing that we are doing a noble work, albeit, unappreciated by the victims of our pens, is the sole excuse for this dish up.

Possibly our readers will say it is not good form to start out with a snicker at the expense of the official host of the reunion, which happened to be Dr. Rogers, but we simply cannot help it. Dr. Rogers spied one of his former boys, one whom he had occasion to paddle more than once. The good doctor was not at all slow about extending the glad hand, and recollecting that the boy, now quite a man, was married with some degree of domestic tranquility, asked how many there were that he had to paddle when need rose. "Three," was the answer. "And how are they divided?" "Two boys and one tomboy." Dr. Rogers was a good sport and started the laugh.

Going into the library, we saw two men in earnest conversation. One of them bent over and picked up a copper that someone had dropped. His pal suggested he give it to his youngster. "Nothing doing, my kids won't take pennies." "You train them not to crave money?" "No, they simply will not take anything less than a dime."

Over in a corner of the library was a physical culturist holding sway over a score or so more or less willing victims. The way he handled his subject, he must have been a very ardent disciple of Bernarr MacFadden. (How many of our readers know that the letters "narr" spell "fool" in German?) The orator was berating the evils of overeating and the lack of proper exercise on the part of most folks. "You see, there are some eight hundred muscles in the human body that are in need of systematic daily exercise, or they become sort of taut. This leads to hardening of the arteries, sciatic rheumatism, premature old age, and other serious complaints. When the owner of those muscles does something out of his regular routine, the muscles go on a strike, and the next day, he has that "stiff" feeling all over. Any sort of exercise that gives those muscles a chance to work day after day is of the utmost benefit—" Here a raw-boned hulk of a man interposed: "Would shooting craps supply that need?"

The orator succeeded in obtaining attention once more, and picking out a gentleman whose abdominal architecture was extremely generous, he started a dissertation on the evils of

overeating. "Man is the only animal that does not know when to stop eating. He eats and eats, and then wonders why his parents did not endow him with a better digestive apparatus. I shall take great pleasure in explaining to you why a man should get up from the table feeling that he could have taken another helping of everything thereon if none of you can give me the correct answer." He looked around, confident that no one could match arguments with him, when the abdominally prominent one spoke up: "To my certain knowledge and experience, your question can be answered just one way—it is wise for a man to stop short of his load limit at one meal, because by so doing, he will have that much more room and appetite for the next meal." That ended the physical culturist's reign.

W. Hickman Carter, business manager of Centre College, of foot-ball fame, but more familiar to the deaf of the State as a former teacher at the Kentucky School, took delight in digging up skeletons that the now staid and settled alumni would rather see buried until the end of things. At that, there was nothing offensive about his yarns, they all dealt with the incongruity of the sign language. He related how one young miss once "threw her nose" at him. We did not tumble till we tried it in signs, and then we saw the joke. Try it on your piano, gentle reader, it is as cute a slam at the language of our youngsters as we ever heard.

One of the prize yarns concerned a deaf minister of renown, who was one of those who had been invited to grace the reunion with their presence, but all of whom failed to materialize. It appears that during the gentleman's undergrad days at Gallaudet, he stopped one day between trains to pay his *alma mater* a visit. As is usual in such cases, he was the center of a group of supervisor teachers, and older pupils who were anxious to see how much he had learned since leaving school. A group of small boys were playing puss-in-the-corner, and one of them decided he was entitled to know what was going on in that circle of gesticulating grown-ups. The supervisor obligingly introduced the little one to Mr. Blank, which is not the least the way his name sounds, "Mr. Blank, a student at Gallaudet College." "My," quoth the little one, "You must be mighty smart." Mr. Blank had to act embarrassed and own up he was fairly smart in ordinary matters. "Gee, you don't say. Let me ask you a question, so I can see if you really are what this supervisor says." "All right, go head, but do not make it too hard, or I might not be able to answer you." The kid squared his shoulders, and popped the question: "What is my name?" Of course, Mr. Blank, never having seen the youngster before, was up against it, and said so. With all the outraged dignity of kid-dom, the questioner gave vent to his opinion of Blank's ignorance: "You a Gallaudet student and can't tell me my name. Gallaudet! Hump! There is kids here that ain't never been to college yet and know my name all right. Gallaudet! Hump, a fine lot of stiffs you got there to be this ignorant."

Gus Boltz, of Chicago and way points, a graduate of KSD, is known wherever he has appeared as one of the greatest mimics that ever escaped the Kieth's. The idea of Kentucky reunion without Boltz rendering his "London policeman," "Railroad Switch" "Kathleen Mauvorneen," or some other classic would be the same as Hamlet without the skull, the "Merchant of Venice" without Sherlock, or a western film without Indians. He was down for a George Cohanesque skit on Prof. McClure's "Stunts" program. With all the calm self assurance, gained by years of experience, Gus mounted the stage, and pulled out a small 3x4 flag. A ripple of applause. A bow in acknowledgment and a raised hand entreating si-

lence and attention. A hump, a start, and Gus stood stock still. Hardened performer as he was, he had suffered his first case of stage fright. And what is more, he knew it. He was on the ropes, gasping for breath. Give up? No, not him. He had a reputation as the most skilled extemporizer in the country to sustain. So he went at it, and after consulting a dozen of the best versed of those present, we can translate his effort as follows:

"It was the shooner Hesperus
That bucked the Harvard line;
The Turk lay in his guarded tent,
The score was six to nine—
Little Kathleen Mauvorneen
Dancing in the meadows green,
Beyond the earth, beyond the sky,
Dewey roared at Manila Bay
My old Kentucky home, look away,
My wife is doing the wash today."

Katie Martin Fancher and Honor Gay Renaker were discussing the rate of speed their respective hubbies could get out of their machines. Said Katie: "When Fred steps on the gas, the fence posts along the country side look like a solid wall to me." Replied Honor: "When Earl lets his Paige go, the fields of corn and butter beans look like a dish of succotash to me."

The night of the banquet, Mrs. John H. Mueller bade good night to her companions with "Auf Wiedersehen," Mrs. Alvin L. Kutzleb replied with "Au revoir," and Mr. Littleton A. Long wound it up with "Cafe Boir."

Sam J. Taylor is one of the most prominent Frats in Ohio Valley. We doubt if there is any man in the ninety odd divisions of the N. F. S. D. who has been returned to the presidency of his division as frequently as has Sam been to that of Cincinnati. We have it on good authority that Editor McClure has standing line for insertion every year when his Cincinnati correspondence sends in the results of the Divisions elections: "President—Samuel J. Taylor." Sam has a beak and a pate that are dead ringers for the same parts of Jay Cooke Howard's anatomy. According to legend, Sam was born with perfectly normal nasal appendage. One day, the institution boys were playing baseball with Centre College. The deaf boys were so far ahead in the closing innings that they decided to let Centre have a few runs. One of the Centre men hit a terrific grounder towards third, where Sam, somehow or other, had found its way onto the diamond. It was deflected, and dodging Sam's yearning paws, and smote him on the proboscis with such force that his own mother required an introduction to him when he returned home for his summer vacation. It is next to sure death to mention a horseshoe as a harbinger of good luck in Sammy's presence now.

Leslie B. Honicon, of Middletown, Ohio, came to the reunion with a limp. When he was questioned as to the cause thereof, he said it was due to a bootlegger pouring some hooch on his shoe, causing it shrink to such extent that it had to be cut open before it could be removed. Powerful stuff, that—what would it have done if poured down a man's guzzle?

One of the most interesting features we have ever seen at any gathering of the deaf was Mr. Charles P. Fosdicks' "Rogues Gallery." He solicited the loan of photographs of former pupils of the school depicting various periods of their lives, of their houses, children, athletic teams, and so on. These he arranged along the library walls, and the crowds that swarmed around them bore testimony to their appreciation of his idea. But there was a very sweet little joker extant, which probably was not looked at in that light by most of the visitors. You see, the regular labels on the doors, "History," "Fiction," "Travel," etc., had not been removed, and it does not require much imagination to guess at the effect on

photographs that were placed behind such labels. For instance, there was the group of one deaf couple's children, standing just so that the labels "Fiction" spread across the bottom of the photograph.

Sir Harry Lauder was in town recently, and gave this plaint, that there was dearth of real good jokes on the vaudeville circuit. We offer him this one without charge. A visitor from another state was asked where he was born. "In Scotland, at the age of six years." Must be a handy country for kids to be born without having to undergo the breaking in process most of us had to.

They were discussing the Mutt and Jeff contest, won by seven foot Peter Noll and four foot Ollie Cundiff. Peter's champion said it must be great to be able to look over the heads of everyone in front, while Ollie's champion said he would rather be short. "Why, look at the short distance a little fellow like Ollie has to go when he stoops over to pick up a horse shoe, a rabbit's foot, or a four leaf clover. Peter would have to have both legs cut off before he could compete with Ollie." "Maybe so, but look at the number of pants a woman could make for her kids if she got hold of a pair of Peter's old ones."

At last we have learned the true meaning of the Einstein theory. According to our informant—he does not possess any college degrees—the Einstein theory of relativity is nothing further than this: Suppose you marry, and your wife has a couple of sisters. They are your relatives by marriage, in other words your sisters-in-law. Suppose you have a married brother who has several children. These are your nieces and nephews, because your wife is their father's sister-in-law, they are her nieces and nephews as long as she remains your wife. But suppose your wife has a pip of a she-cousin. This girl is not affected by the law of relativity, and does not become your cousin at all. Consequently, if your wife should divorce you, you could go after that pip, and if she consents, your wife will be only your cousin through marriage. But if on the other hand, your wife should elope with your brother-in-law, she will be his wife out of law, and then you will be able to have the law on both of them. But,——" Frankly, we hate to go on. It would destroy all the publicity that Mr. Einstein is after. The whole mess is so simple that it is a shame no one thought of advancing it before.

Saw a man call his wife his "little gooseberry tart." Asked him if he did not know what a taste a gooseberry tart had. "You bet I do. After she has cooled down, and will be good, she turns into a Honeybunch." This man never has to worry about his wife. She knows it does not pay to get funny with him.

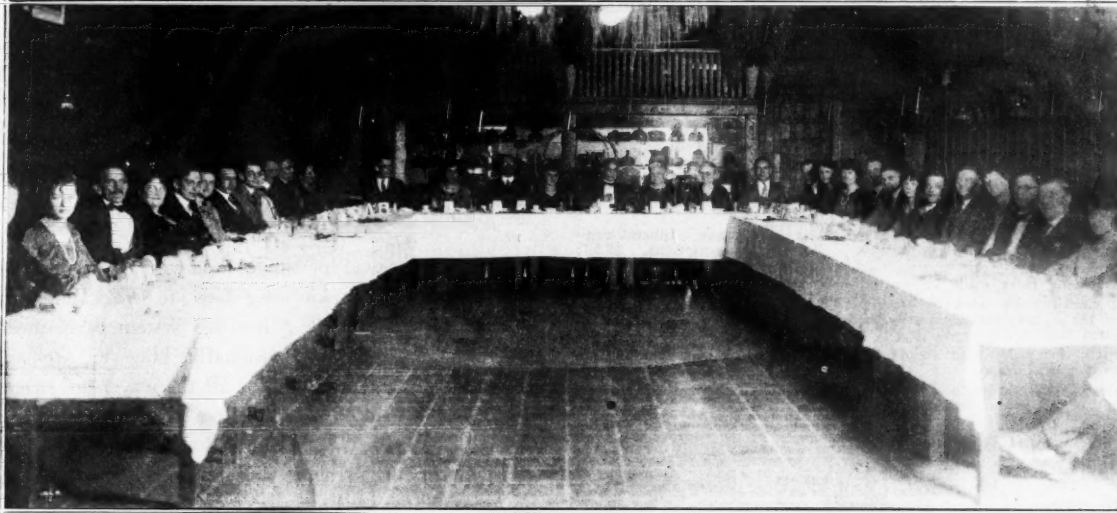
According to one of the farmers present, the game of kissing a sore spot on a little child to assuage the pain does not always work properly. It appears that on one occasion, he had to spank his young son who ran to his uncle from the city who was visiting at the time. "Poor little chap," said uncle, "Are you hurt? Come to me, so that I can kiss the pain away." "Aww-r-r-g-g-h! Papa just spanked me!"

So it went. If we were to give all the yarns we saw and heard, we would pound our Remington for a month of Sundays and still not get them all down. Probably it is just as well. We cannot afford to run the *Worker* along the lines of *Punch*, so dry that it will catch fire at the mere mention of a match.

Men are four:
He is wise—follow him;
He who knows, and knows he knows,—
He is asleep—wake him;
He who knows, and knows not he knows,—
He is a child—teach him,—
He who knows not, and knows he knows not,—
He is a fool—shun him;
—Arabian Proverb.

"Perfection walks slowly—she requires the hand of time to perfect an athlete."

The Trenton Nads Are Coming Into Prominence



TRENTON NADS OBSERVE GALLAUDET DAY

On the evening of December 10th, 1923, the first Gallaudet Banquet ever held by the deaf of Trenton, N. J., was given at the Hotel Sterling. Covers were laid for 38 and when the company gathered in the large banquet room of the hotel they found the table beautifully decorated with garnitures of ferns and roses and the places marked with artistic menu cards.

The feast which soon followed graced the table even more. From bluepoint oysters on the half shell on through the courses to the demitasse every item on the menu was as good as could be wished.

George S. Porter, the leading spirit among the Trenton Nads, presided over and directed the battle of wits that followed the feast. As toastmaster he introduced these subjects and speakers:

Thomas H. Gallaudet Kelly H. Stevens
Naditis Frederick A. Moore
Room Number 104 Tobias Brill
Kidding the Kiddies J. L. Johnson
The Hope of New Jersey Alvin E. Pope
The final place on the program was accorded to Mrs. Frederick Moore who favored the guests with a beautiful sign rendition of "Auld Lang Syne."

To the Nads and their friends who attended, the affair proved so enjoyable that it is proposed to repeat the banquet in 1924, and to make it an annual event for the Trenton deaf.

The committee, to whose efforts the successful outcome of the banquet is due, were: George S. Porter, Chairman; Frances H. Porter, Mollie Kearny, Kelly H. Stevens and Mrs. Frederick Moore.

For the Benefit of the Colored Deaf

An organization of colored mutes, known as the "Grand Independent Order of Mutes of Georgia and United States of America" is now in existence, and has a charter under the State Laws of the State of Georgia. Its object is to awaken social, educational and the spiritual activities of the colored deaf of America and to promote fellowship and the advancement of the colored deaf. It was organized January 24, 1923, and chartered May 29, 1923. The officers are as follows: Will R. Staton, President, D. B. & O. Inst., Taft, Okla., a former student at the North Carolina School for the Deaf and Blind, Raleigh, N. C.; Mrs. Daisy Weems, Vice-President, Hampton, Ga., a former student in the Ohio School for the Deaf, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. Lucile S. Wilson, Secretary, Hampton, Ga., a former student at the Georgia School, Cave Springs, Ga.; John H. Weems, Treasurer, Hampton, Ga., also from the Georgia School.

The organization has about 30 members now and two kinds of membership is eligible.

The pompous woman became acrimonious: "Do you call yourself a lady's maid?" she cried.

"I used to, ma'am," replied the servant, "before I worked for you."



Booth of the Zenith Branch of the N. A. D. at Frat Bazaar in St. Paul, November 17-18. A Committee headed by Mrs. J. C. Howard and eleven assistants raised \$325, with more coming in from sale of inland top oak chest shown at left.

"A young lady whose knowledge of needles is limited to the fact that they are used only on talking machines is not likely to make an economical wife."

"In every man there is something of all men."

The Silent Worker

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ALVIN E. POPE Editor.
GEORGE S. PORTER Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

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Dr. J. R. Dobyns

Another member of the Old Guard has gone to join the Great Majority, Dr. J. R. Dobyns, Superintendent of the Arkansas School for the Deaf at Little Rock. It was on the 4th of January that he passed away.

The greater part of Dr. Dobyns' life was spent in teaching the deaf. For nearly two score years he was Superintendent of the Mississippi School for the Deaf at Jackson, resigning a few years ago to become President of the Southwestern Presbyterian University at Clarksville, Tennessee. Evidently Dr. Dobyns preferred to be with the deaf again, for about four years ago he accepted the Superintendency of the Arkansas School for the Deaf where he remained until his death.

Dr. Dobyns was a familiar figure at all the Teachers' and Superintendents' conventions and at the recent conference of Superintendents and Principals held at St. Augustine January 14-18; he was down on the program for an address on the subject: "Comparison of Salaries Paid in Schools for the Deaf with those Paid in Schools for the Hearing."

Announcement

THE SILENT WORKER has a limited number of imitation pearl necklaces which will be given away to persons first sending us five yearly subscriptions during the month of March. These necklaces were made in Japan and are really attractive. Girls, get busy. Go among your friends and tell them candidly that you wish to win one of those attractive personal adornments and that they will lose nothing because the SILENT WORKER will furnish ten months of delightful reading about the

deaf of all lands. And, young man, you can win one of across an instance where a deaf-mute, long past the those pearl necklaces, too, if you half try. You will not want to wear it yourself, but you can give it to your sister or your sweetheart, which will add to their personal charms. Do not let some one else get ahead of you. Try it.

The Greatest Happiness

The average deaf person of today is a wage-earner, generally happy for knowing how to work and with the love of work instilled into his system early in life at some state school. Occasionally, however, we come across a case where a deaf-mute all the way from twenty-five to forty years of age, who has neither ambition nor desire to work to the distraction of the fond parents. Upon inquiry it is found that in nearly every case the son or daughter was not instructed in some trade while at school; that frequently the parents possessing wealth preferred employing private tutors to sending their children to State schools for the deaf. Now you can imagine the result of such a person past the thirties who will not work because he does not know how to use his hands expect, perhaps, to pass food into his mouth that he did not earn. It is likely, too, that he is isolated from the companionship of people deaf like himself and he becomes morose, unmanageable and a burden to his own people.

The salvation of the deaf is not alone in being able to read and write, to read lips or talk mechanically, but in possessing a knowledge of some handicraft by which he can earn his own living. The greatest happiness in all the world is in the ability to work, the desire to work and the knowing how to work. The school that does not make sincere effort to provide its pupils with the best industrial education that is within its power is not only wasting State money but withholding from the pupils the right to that greatest of all happiness—the ability and desire to earn one's own living by honest toil.

Conference of Superintendents and Principals

The Conference of Superintendents and Principals of Schools for the Deaf held in St. Augustine January 14 to 18 last must have been a great treat for those who attended. No better place for a mid-term conference could have been selected than in the Sunny South for tired out principals and superintendents. While it is true they had plenty of work to do they also had time for rest and pleasure trips and returning to their old haunts it is safe to say that they felt refreshed and rejuvenated for another five months of hard work.

Helping the Colored Deaf

W. R. Staton, a teacher at the Oklahoma School for the Colored Deaf, Blind and Orphans, and himself partly deaf, has undertaken the task of improving the status of the Colored Deaf of America. His plan as outlined on another page deserves commendation.

Acknowledgments

We have received from abroad two interesting booklets—"My War Work," by Yvonne Pitrois, the most famous deaf woman of France and the other "The History of a Thought," by Mr. Selwyn Oxley and Others. The former is published by request and the latter is a report of general honorary work done for the deaf of the United Kingdom. Both Miss Pitrois and Mr. Oxley have contributed frequently to the pages of this magazine and therefore are quite well known in this country.

Who's Who

We have about reached the end of the list in our "Who's Who" department. We will keep the columns open a month or two longer so as to give any one who feels that he or she is deserving of a place in the book, we expect to publish in the near future, an opportunity to get listed. Doubtless there are still a good many who have not been reported to us and it will be disappointing to leave out the many deserving ones. We cannot reach everybody personally or by letter and as it requires very little trouble for anyone to communicate with us, we hope our readers will be so kind as to furnish us with the names, addresses and data of their personal acquaintances for "Who's Who" department.

Postponed

The Directory of Fraternal, Religious and Social organizations, which we promised to publish in the January issue, is postponed till the July number. We found it impossible to get all the matter together in time and as we went to press numerous elections took place, making it necessary to revise much of the matter already set up.

Speech Taught By Moving Pictures

The "Schweizerische Taubstumm-Zeitung" (Swiss Deaf-Mute Journal) gives an account of the successful use of moving pictures in the teaching of speech to the deaf as practiced by Professor Marichelle in Paris. Close-ups of a person giving the sound elements are taken, and exposures are made at the rate of nearly a thousand and a second. When they are reproduced they are slowed down about sixty times, making every part of

the visible motion of any organ of speech very clear and distinct. Instead of the picture being thrown on the screen for a class recitation, each pupil has a small reproduction machine that he can operate himself and stop at will, somewhat on the principle of the wheel in which we used to insert a strip of pictures, and then set it spinning and looked at the pictures through the slits.

The results obtained are said to surpass expectations, in the side.

"Muckraking"

At the last Teachers' Convention held in Belleville, Canada, last June, the editors of our little paper family held a meeting as has been the practice at past conventions. At his particular meeting a number of very amusing stunts were pulled off and among them was one aimed at this magazine. The idea conveyed was that this magazine was gathering up all the "muck" it could find to publish in future numbers. The original idea which emanated from THE SILENT WORKER office was exactly the opposite to the "stunt" as carried out. It was to have some one enter the room with a rake and pretend to be raking up something and when asked what he was raking he was to say "muck," whereupon THE SILENT WORKER editor (who unfortunately was not present) was to order him kicked out, signifying that this magazine was opposed to "muckraking," which is quite a different thing. We hope no one took the "stunt" seriously.

Thank You

We wish to thank the numerous readers of this magazine who so kindly remembered us with Christmas and New Year cards. Some of them were original, either in verse or in design, yet all conveyed the same sentiment—"A Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year."

Dallas, Texas, Dec. 27, 1923.

Dear Friend:

As we approach the close of the old year, may I express the hope that it has brought to you a liberal share of happiness, prosperity and usefulness. And as we approach the dawn of the New Year, I wish that it may find you enjoying good health, a conscience "void of offense," and a determination to make the coming year the best in your life. May we be so busy doing the things that are worth while, that we shall have no time to waste on the little petty, unworthy things of life.

*"The greatest things in this world of ours
Are the things you'd think small
But a kind word here and a smile given there
Will banish the trouble and sorrow and care
Of many a weary soul."*

My sincere wish for you and yours is that the New Year may bring you the joy and satisfaction of unselfish service and helpfulness which brings the only real happiness.

And may I also express the hope that our friendship may grow stronger and closer as the years go by.

Sincerely and cordially,

TROY E. HILL.

WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By Alexander L. Pach



COUNT that week absolutely and imperishable lost that does not find a brand new method of making the totally deaf hear. I wish I had kept count in the beginning, but that regret is vain, so I leave it to one of the younger generation, and I feel sure that when he gets to be as old as I am, he will still be reading stories of the mythical promised land for the deaf. The latest is a telegraphed story to the *New York Herald*, with flaring head lines on the old, old order:

EVANSTON, ILL., Dec. 22.—Every indication points to success in developing a hand device which the totally deaf man may carry and by which they may receive impressions of oral speech, Prof. Robert H. Gault, head of the psychology department of Northwestern University, announced here to-day.

Prof. Gault bases his announcement on the progress of a year of intensive work on the problem, and in making experiments in detecting words and sentences by tactual contact.

"To-day it is safe to say that the human being can feel sound waves by touch, and can clearly translate such tactual impressions into words and sentences," said Prof. Gault.

More than a year ago Prof. Gault started work with two students, George and John Crane, brothers, of Fort Wayne, Ind., and succeeded in communicating with a metal tube various words and sentences which the Crane brothers detected with the hand only.

At that time one of the brothers sat in a room and spoke through the tube while the other, in an adjoining room, ear muffled and with hand over the receiving end of the tube, announced his interpretation of the sound vibrations. This year Prof. Gault has been utilizing an acousticon for amplifying vibrations at the sending end, while he employs a small receiving disk held in the hand at the others. Prof. Gault himself has been working upon the long vowels and upon several short sentences which a graduate student, S. N. Stevens, sitting in an adjoining building, 60 feet away repeats.

Prof. Gault says the long vowels, a, e, i o and u, are more difficult to detect than are sentences. However, by long and patient practice, he says he has reached a point where he "feels" the long vowels correctly about 85 per cent. of the time. Upon sentences he does better, he explains because of the stressing of words. Tactual hearing of these four sentences has given the following results: Did Jack like teachers?—98 per cent. perfect; Henry did not begin—94 per cent.; he did like work—87 per cent.; Say, did Jack accept?—100 per cent.

Prof. Gault ascribes his 100 per cent. reading of the fourth sentence to the natural emphasis placed on the several words, and the natural pauses between the words.

Asked in what way the experiments would benefit humanity, the professor explained that the totally deaf would be benefited as they could learn the "tactual language" by constant practice, carry an acousticon apparatus and know what is being said merely by "feeling" sound.

Prof. Gault, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., and Frank P. Gibson, all mean one and the same thing where the Post Office Department is concerned, and it would be appropriate if the Professor called in Frank P. Gibson before he sends out another story.

It is good to see an old timer like Uncle Webster George back in the ranks, even though he questions my statement

that the great West was unrepresented at Atlanta. It is beside the question as to what was considered the great West years ago, but speaking as of today, a New Yorker would call the great West all that territory west of the Rockies. All of the several delegates Mr. George mentions came from the mid-west.

One of the l.p.f. (it got away from my desk in some mysterious manner before I could get a second look in) makes the claim that any state census of the Gallaudet students for a single year, is unfair and misleading, and that a ten year record would be of more value.

Granted, and when it comes to that a quarter century record would be even fairer, but the statistics for a single year, as they were collated by this department in a recent issue, are not without interest.

Speaking of statistics, I should like to see some one connected with a school for the deaf, who has material at hand for weaving the story, give a write-up covering the percentage of graduates who go out in the world and become helpful, in one way or another to their fellow deaf, and how many pursue the even tenor of their way without concerning themselves as to their fellows. This idea suggested itself to me by an odd coincidence of newspaper mention of two of my former schoolmates, who dropped out of sight forty years ago, and left no impress on or in the deaf world. One lived but an hour's ride from New York, yet in forty years I never saw him present at any kind of an affair, either in New York, or in New Jersey where he lived. He was a fine boy at school, and became a successful farmer, and met his death while driving a team across railroad tracks in a fog, the third deaf man to be killed in that manner, to my knowledge, in Monmouth County, N. J.

Immediately afterward there was published a news story of the death of another of my schoolmates, who lived up state, and who I had the pleasure of meeting just once after school days, and that was at an Empire State Convention. His last days were spent, and his last illness occurred in an apartment exactly one block from my home, yet none of us of his classmates knew of his living there, nor of his passing. Even his funeral was held from an Episcopal Church right near St. Ann's, but with the services by hearing clergymen and none of his old schoolmates present.

Though the deaf gain their greatest happiness from association with each other, I know of deaf people of both sexes, who after school days have no use for their fellow deaf; join no organizations of the deaf; read no papers for the deaf, and every way become self ex-patriates, generally for the reason that they want to be regarded as normal people, and often because of false pride and ashamed of their condition, as if deafness, *per se*, was in any way dishonorable!

Losses the deaf world sustain from this type are more than compensated in accessions from the chemically pure oral ranks. By that, I mean those deaf people who go through the pure

oral mill, and come out "restored to society," to use a hackneyed term. After years of the process of acquiring artificial speech, and more or less ability to read the lips—it's a fifty-fifty proposition at best, and even with the favored fifty, a lot of natural signs, and unnatural grimaces are combined to help out the so-called lip-reading—they awaken to the fact that there is a great void in their lives, and association with each other only emphasizes that void, so then, what more natural than to associate with those "to the manor born," and learn the royal road to ease, gracefulness, satisfaction, and achieve that God-given right to life, liberty and happiness that comes through a knowledge of manual spelling and its short-hand side partner, the sign language.

Only yesterday I was showing a young woman product of one of the great oral schools, a few of the signs, and their source, and when she saw how apt, how natural, and how easy they were she fairly gasped, and is going to start right off and learn to use the manual alphabet as a beginning. She already uses the two-hand alphabet, as most orally educated do, at the same time kidding themselves, to lapse into common vernacular, that it is not the hated system.

At one of our famous schools for the deaf, well we might as well state at the outset that it was the New Jersey School, they recently had a visitor who found everything to his liking and was most liberal in his commendation and approval of everything he saw, and his bearing and appearance impressed all that he met so sincerely that they fairly outdid themselves in showing off the work of the school. By this time the gentleman expressed himself as more than pleased and voted the school's work as being of a higher order than the Public schools for hearing children.

Then the bell rang, and two men in blue, with brass buttons, inquired if a personage they described minutely had been seen in the vicinity, and as it fitted the eminent visitor they were entertaining, of course, they told that the personage was very much with them, at which the determined looking gents, in blue costumes set off with impressive brass, expressed themselves as very much pleased and took the visitor back to the New Jersey Hospital for the Insane, from which the party of the first part had made good his escape that very morning. If you, gentle or otherwise readers, should happen to visit the New Jersey School for the Deaf, kindly refrain from mentioning this episode, besides it's a secret, and if you tell any one of it, do not, please, mention me.

The local deaf of St. Louis made an indignant protest over the fact that the Central Institute of that city, a school for the deaf not in the Public school system, as is the Gallaudet school, has again sought to humiliate the deaf citizens of that Metropolis by asking for \$13,000 charity money, on top of a successful dip into Charity funds that netted the school \$3,000 last year. It is to be hoped that by keeping persistently at it, they will defeat the grab and not only save the self-respect of the deaf, but spare themselves the humiliation and shame that goes with the bestowal of money given to help the blind, the insane, the sick and the poor, and diverting it to deaf people who do not want it. It is never deaf people who seek this tainted road, but always and invariably hearing people, who in one way or another profit thereby, either in self aggrandizement, or in securing high salaried offices for other hearing people.

It is a monstrous pity and a monstrous shame to see this money, given to make life more livable for the poor, the helpless and the dependent, turned over to deaf people, who, in the main, do not want it. St. Louis is not the only city where the deaf have to blush for shame in this respect.

The following from the *Nebraska Journal* is well worth study. It presented the matter in a new light:

Mr. Alex. L. Pach continues in a recent number of the *Silent Worker* the discussion upon the ineptness of the term "semi-mute" when applied to deaf persons who have natural speech, or speech acquired before the loss of hearing occurred. Mr. Pach objects to our division of the deaf into three classes, namely, "the deaf having natural speech," "the deaf having artificial or school acquired speech," and "the deaf having no speech." He would instead recognize but two classes, "the deaf" and "deaf-mutes," the former including all who have speech, either natural or acquired. The latter, those who do not speak at all. The classification would serve doubtless within certain limitations of thinking, the limitations that Mr. Pach sets and to which he is probably, in his business and social life, accustomed. However, it will be conceded that one person's thinking and needs for thought expression do not and can not limit or define the thinking and needs of other thinkers and users of language.

That is the whole question, as it seems to us, at issue. We who teach the deaf have it as part of our work to study our pupils and to classify them for education and training, we do it, as we have to do it, on the basis of their individual or group capacities and needs. This involves, it is needless to say, early and continuous recognition of well known and clearly marked differences that exist among the several groups of pupils as they come to us—one group possessing spoken language, a second group dumb at first but possessing capacity to acquire spoken language, and a third group, likewise dumb and possessing capacity to acquire only written language. These three groups, existing in our schools, present to teachers three distinct types of problems for solution, and all thinking upon these problems makes demands for expression, especially words that differentiate the first, or "semi-mute," class from the other two. Necessity, the mother of invention, is likewise the mother of expression, for all expression is invention in the beginning. Moreover, general acceptance and use of an expression are evidences of a prevailing need for it.

Speculating upon the invention or origin of the term "semi-mute," we may assume that it is a contraction of the term "semi-deaf-mute," for the latter would be a fully descriptive term such as would be used in the beginning, and it would, at the time, be accepted as fitting and appropriate for the expression of the thought. But whatever the expression in its origin, obviously it was necessity that brought it into existence, which same necessity exists today, and which indeed will continue to exist for all time—unless, mayhap, the class that it names shall for any cause cease to exist as a distinct problem in our schools.

But reverting to Mr. Pach's proposal that no group or class of deaf persons be recognized or designated other than the two that he names "the deaf" and "deaf-mutes," we can but wonder that such, or any, use of the now almost obsolete term "deaf-mute" finds favor, for the expression is a misnomer as used in most cases. Mr. Pach has himself doubtless been mis-called a "mute," or a "deaf-mute," scores of times where he has been called by the to him offensive term "semi-mute" once.

That the term "deaf-mute" is in disfavor and gradually going out of use is evidenced in the fact that schools that formerly quite as a rule called themselves Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, have in most cases dropped the word Mutes or Dumb from their titles, three having done so within the last year. In truth there remain but 9 out of the 64 state schools of the country which retain one or the other of these words in their titles—and it may be noted that five, or more than half of the nine are in New York state schools, the four others being one each in Mississippi, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, and Texas.



Left to right—Thomas S. Marr, Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. Kennedy, New Tennessee School for the Deaf now in course of erection, in rear. Photo taken last November

How Does He Get That Way?

Every deaf person should carefully read the letter printed below, which was published in the December number of the *American Magazine*. It was represented to have won third prize in a contest conducted by the magazine for letters under the heading of "How I Overcame My Worst Handicap." Note how the statements made by the writer of the letter line with personal experience and observation:

THOUGH DEAF, I AM A TEACHER

My worst handicap was an extreme lack of self-confidence, due to a case of almost total deafness. In infancy both ears suppurated and the drums were completely destroyed. Totally deaf in my left ear, my right ear is only eight per cent normal.

During childhood I had the artless confidence of ignorance, but as I advanced in school I gradually lost all self-confidence. To go to a party meant the keenest mental agony for me, and often I lied out of attending. I believed that I was not wanted.

Books were my refuge. I finished high school with highest honors. My four years at college were years of academic triumph. But my will was paralyzed by my foolish self-limitations.

In desperation I began to work with a country newspaper at fifteen dollars a month. My redemption began when I saw my editorial "stuff" quoted by the papers of the state.

Not fully realizing where my salvation lay, I yet made no definite plans. Three years of dirty labor at a cotton-gin at low wages developed confidence, by forcing me to meet people. Teaching a Sunday-school class taught me to stand before men. I was forging ahead! With only eight per cent hearing, very little self-confidence, but much friendly encouragement, I began to teach school. This makes my ninth successful year.

Forcing myself to mix with my fellows, and gradually learning to read lips, has completed my salvation. Today I can speak before the largest audience. I can read lips fluently. I am writing two books on psychology, and I am training myself to write popular articles.

R. N. A.

The word "infancy" is popularly taken to represent a child less than two years old. The dictionary says so. "This makes my *ninth* successful year," is good when one understands the true nature of his testimony. Writing two books on psychology! We should beseech "R. N. A." to hurry up and finish one of the books so we may read it and learn, if possible, how he gets to be the way he is.

FRANK M. HOWE.

Messages Sent By Cigar

A remarkable demonstration of a new signal and sound code of secret communication was conducted at Police Headquarters, New York, in the presence of Third Deputy Police Commissioner Joseph A. Faurot, Chief of Staff; Captain Thomas M. Fay, and others, by Aaron Honigman, Health Inspector of Montreal, Canada.

Mr. Honigman, the inventor of the unique system, was on his way to Washington to interest the Federal Secret Service officials in the proposition, with the view to having it adopted by them for police work.

A Chinese Chief of Police came to New York City recently with a similar signal code, but he gave no demonstrations. Mr. Honigman showed the police officials the actual workings of the system, silently communicating with his thirteen-year-old daughter, Lilian, who accompanied him to New York.

The secret is guarded by the father, Lilian, and another daughter.

The father can send his code by means of the slightest movements of the eyes, a cigar, the finger joints, a hand-shake in any kind of an audible sound, musical or otherwise.

"The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog," was the first sentence written out by Mr. Faurot and given to Mr. Honigman to translate to Lilian who, had no knowledge of the

message. The timid little girl, nervous at first before such a big audience, missed only a word in the tricky sentence.

Captain Fay wrote out, "The question is too long," and in handing it to Honigman passed it in front of Lilian.

"I saw it," said the little girl, whereupon Captain Fay wrote another, "This is an honest girl," which Lilian received from her father, by means of the touch system, and translated correctly, adding, "I thank you," to Captain Fay.

Other messages to the daughter were understood correctly and instantly repeated.

"My invention was inspired three years ago," said Honigman, "when I was moved to pity, observing the attention two deaf and dumb men were attracting while talking to each other with the clumsy hand language. My system would do away with that noticeable method. In many ways, it would be a great benefaction to mankind. I can only say that my system is devised by means of an arithmetical code that a child can learn in three lessons. It is based on numerals running from one to nine and the code is changeable like the combination of a safe.

"You can gag my mouth, bind my hands, blindfold my eyes and put me in a bag, and I can still communicate if I am able to move any part of my body."—*Central News*.

Deaf-Mute, 60, Hurt Stopping Runaway

Joseph Plunkett, 60 years old, a deaf-mute and nearly blind who owes his existence for the last forty years to police of the Second and Christian streets station, risked his life Sunday in stopping a runaway team of horses. Plunkett succeeded in stopping the frightened animals, but not before he was knocked down and seriously hurt. He is in the Mount Sinai Hospital, where physicians hope for his recovery.

Plunkett was standing in front of the Second and Christian streets police station Sunday morning when he saw the team of horses dashing south on Second street. The animals were drawing a flat dray wagon belonging to William Reed, 905 Water street.

Plunkett seized the bridle of the horse nearest him as the team dashed by the station house and was thrown under the wheels when the bridle broke. Just then Policemen Shields and Fultz emerged from the station house in time to pull Plunkett from beneath the wagon before the rear wheels of the wagon had reached his body. However, the front wheels of the vehicle had already passed over the aged man's body.

Plunkett has slept in the Second and Christian streets police station for at least forty years. Every pay day the patrolmen have been in the habit of compensating Plunkett for the services which he performs about the station house, such as washing the windows and cleaning out the building.—*Philadelphia North American*.

A HAPPY THOUGHT

Stranger—"My friend, why are you swearing so?"

Cussity—"Why? Because of a blank fool of a doctor. I got some pills for a pain in my back, and the directions read, 'Take one a half-hour before you feel the pain coming on.'"—*Harper's Weekly*.

Our grand business undoubtedly is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—*Carlyle*.

There was never a night without a day.

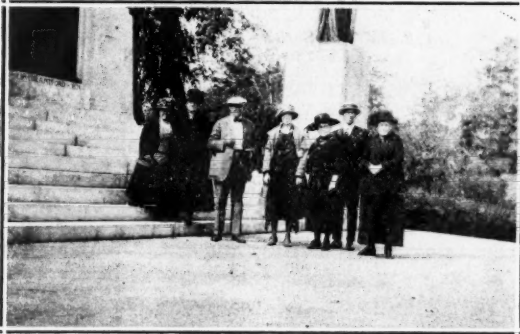
Or an evening without a morning.

And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,

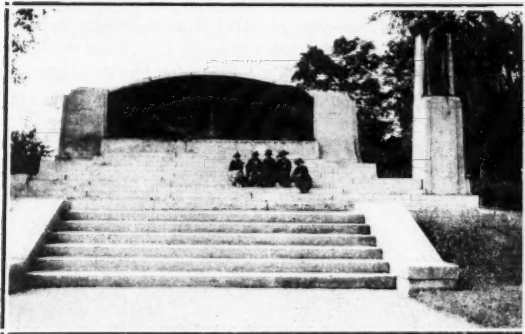
Is the hour before the dawning.

—F. A. Kidder.

New York and Philadelphians in Canada



Mr. and Mrs. McMaun, Mrs. Haight, of New York, Mrs. Syle, of Philadelphia, and Miss Leaming, of Camden, N. J., were the guest of Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Wilson at Ernescliffe Apts in Toronto, Canada, during the Exhibition, but Miss Leaming remained three months. They moved to Brantford from Toronto and visited the Graham Bell's monument erected in Brantford 1874



GRAHAM BELL'S MOUNMENT IN BRANTFORD.

Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf

WHEREAS, The Heavenly Father in His infinite wisdom and mercy hath taken our friend and fellow-member, Mr. Joseph W. Atcheson, from this life unto the peace of the life everlasting and

WHEREAS, In this life Mr. Joseph W. Atcheson was ever ready for the call of duty and gave of his best generously and in a spirit of brotherly love—a helpful and inspiring member—and in the office of Vice-President of the Society was ever faithful and prompt in the discharge of the duties thereof, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf has lost a most generous and loyal helper and the Society has been bereft of a most faithful and charitable member.

Resolved, That this testimony of our esteem and loss be transcribed in the records of the Society and a copy be presented to the niece of the deceased, Mrs. Mary Atcheson Wallis.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, the *Mt. Airy World*, the *Western Pennsylvanian* and the *SILENT WORKER*.

Committee: G. M. TEEGARDEN
F. C. SMIELAU
JAS. S. REIDER

Little Rock Wants the N. A. D. Convention

TEN REASONS WHY LITTLE ROCK SHOULD BE
CHOSEN AS THE NEXT MEETING PLACE FOR
THE N. A. D. CONVENTION IN 1926

1. Of all the cities of the great Southwest, Little Rock is the most centrally located.
2. Little Rock is the capital city of the Wonder State.
3. Little Rock has already done so and can again accommodate 5,000 or more members of an organization at one time, showing that the facilities here are equal to those of other cities.
4. In proportion to population, Little Rock has entertained more conventions within the past year than any other city in the United States, including New York.
5. All important roads to points of interest South and West pass through Little Rock, making travel by automobile a pleasure.
6. The climate of Little Rock during the month of August surpasses that of any other city in the Southwest.
7. The natural resources of Arkansas are superior to those of any other State in the Union, making the visit instructive as well as enjoyable.
8. Little Rock is a city of almost 100,000 people, which indicates that they are prosperous and energetic.
9. Hot Springs, the National Health Resort, is only sixty miles south of Little Rock, with splendid roads to and from there to all parts of the State.
10. The Deaf of Little Rock and of Arkansas have always cheerfully responded to the many calls of the N. A. D., and for recognition we ask that we be given more opportunities to help the N. A. D.—by granting to us the privilege of entertaining the convention in 1926.

Off for Bermuda



Mr. and Mrs. Charles McMaun; who with E. A. Hodgson, Margaret Jones, Mrs. Hannan and Mrs. Liggins sailed Saturday, January 12th, for a three weeks' stay in Bermuda.

National Association of the Deaf

Organized 1800. Incorporated 1900. An organization for the Welfare of all the Deaf

OFFICERS

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS, *President*
358 E. 59th St., Chicago, Ill.

G. W. UNDERHILL, *First Vice-President*
School for the Deaf, St. Augustine, Fla.

MRS. C. L. JACKSON, *Second Vice-President*
223 Lee Ave., Atlanta, Ga.



F. A. MOORE, *Secretary and Treasurer*
School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.

JAMES H. CLOUD, *Board Member*
2606 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

THOMAS F. FOX, *Board Member*
91 Ft. Washington Ave, N. Y. City.

J. W. HOWSON, *Board Member*
California School for the Deaf, Berkeley, Cal.

Nineteen-Twenty-four

The past year was one of achievements worthy of the name and prestige of the National Association of the Deaf. This should be very gratifying to the members because it was due to their hearty co-operation that so many things were accomplished. The officers did their share but the members did more.

Another year is before us; the Association is looking forward with great expectations. There is a spirit of enthusiastic optimism, dominating this great organization, which augurs well for success in the days to come. Let us determine with Edward Everitt Hale, to

*"Look up and not down,
Look forward and not backward,
Look out and not in, and
To lend a hand."*

The outlook for America was never more promising than for 1924. The country is enjoying a commercial and indus-

trial and an economic boom from which unusual prosperity is predicted for everybody, especially the deaf. There is no denying it. There may be setbacks, but these will be only temporary. As a whole the deaf will be prosperous—exceptionally so, providing they do their share to help the boom along.

The deaf should be thankful that they live in America with all her opportunities—and grateful that they can enjoy and employ these opportunities, one of which is to *boost* the National Association of the Deaf. This Association has done more than any other organization to place the deaf where they are to-day—on an equal footing with their hearing brethren.

The N. A. D. will continue its good work this year.

Let's all be GOOD, LOYAL N. A. Ds. and get others to join and then see the results at this time next year.

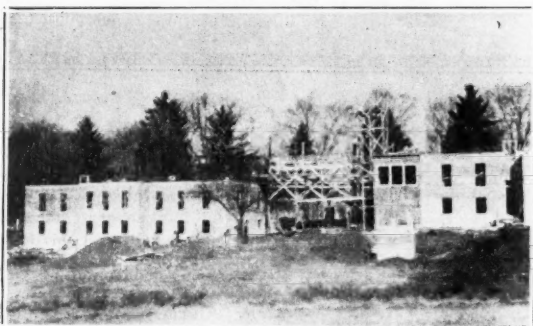
Are you game enough to make the effort?



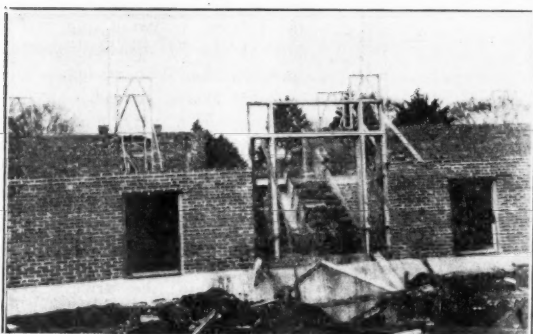
WHAT OUR CARTOONER SAW AT THE ATLANTA CONVENTION

For Historical Preservation

CONTENTS OF THE BOX PLACED IN THE WALL OF THE MAIN BUILDING OF THE TENN. SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF AT ISLAND HOME, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 28th, AT 9:30 A.M.



REAR OF TWO DORMITORIES FOR GIRLS
November, 1923



REAR ENTRANCE TO SCHOOL BUILDING
November, 1923

A copy of the Historical Sketch of the school covering the Administration which embodies reports of all the State Institutions compiled by Lewis S. Pope present Commissioner of Institutions.

A copy of the Historical Sketch of the School covering the period from 1844, its inception, to 1893.

A handbook of the Sign Language of the Deaf by Rev. J. W. Michaels, published in 1923.

A copy of the present course of study prepared by Mrs. H. T. Poore and 1922 faculty of the school.

A copy of the November 17th issue of the *Silent Observer*, the school paper edited and published in the school's printing shop.

A copy of the March 1923 number of the *SILENT WORKER*, the official organ of the National Association of the Deaf. This number of the magazine contains an article written by the then president of the Association, the Rev. James H. Cloud, entitled "Distinctive Features of the Tennessee School for the Deaf" and shows eight photographs of activities about the School.

Copy of the *Sunday Sentinel* of November 11th, 1923, containing an article and picture of the group of new buildings.

Blue print of the topography of the Island Home tract.

List of the present officers, teachers and pupils of the school

Copy of the menu for Thanksgiving Dinner, November 29th, 1923.

Business Card of V. L. Nicholson and Co., with C. W. Griscom.

Following photographs and cuts:

Hon. Austin Peay, Governor, with the following autograph: "May this institution highly serve humanity and free government endure in our commonwealth."

Austin Peay,

Austin Peay, Governor of Tennessee.

Nov. 22nd, 1923,

Lewis S. Pope, Commissioner of Institutions.

Hill McAlister, State Treasurer.

Bronze of Dr. Edwin Miner Gallaudet, founder of the first college for the Deaf in the world.

Plaster Model of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, founder of the first school for the deaf in the United States, at Hartford, Conn.

Two cuts of the buildings on Asylum Ave.

Cuts and photographs of Thomas L. Moses and Horace E. Walker, superintendents of the school from 1883-1916 and 1916-1921, respectively.

Photographs of Joseph H. Ijams, superintendent 1866-1882 and of the present superintendent Mrs. H. T. Poore, 1921-

A double cut of Thomas S. Marr, one at the age of 13 when he was a pupil of the Tennessee School for the Deaf in 1878 and the other as an architect, member of the firm Marr and Holman, Nashville, which firm was awarded contract for making the plans of the new buildings.

Convention of the National Association of the Deaf held in Atlanta, August 13-18, 1923 at which the Tennessee School Band appeared.

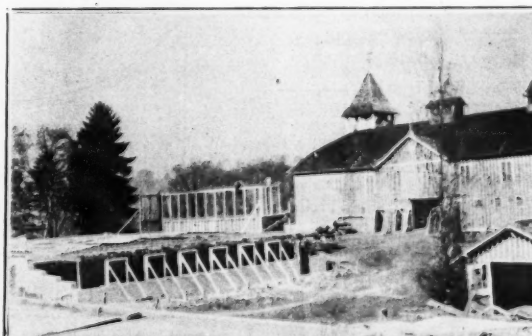
Prints of the building on Asylum Ave., and a photograph taken from the painting of the new buildings and grounds.

Photograph of the graduates of 1923, and a commencement scene.

Copy of the Commencement invitation and program for 1923.



DAIRY BARN. 50 STALLS FOR COWS



LITTLE BOYS' DORMITORY. TEMPORARY GYM. IN BARN

"If you have suffered in a weary world,
Your sorrows have been jointly borne, and love
Has made the load sit lighter."

—Doom of Devorgoil.

ATHLETICS

Edited by F. A. Moore

(Articles pertaining to sports in connection with the deaf will be welcomed by this department)

Ernest Langenberg. By Ted Griffing



HOSE of you who have followed the ups and downs of Gallaudet's football elevens of the past few years must have surely struck up an acquaintance, figuratively speaking, with one Ernest George Langenberg. "Langy" has worn a

Buff and Blue uniform for five straight seasons. He has carried our colors into the thick of many a gridiron fray, and never once have we had reason to feel he was lowering Gallaudet's time honored traditions of hard, clean play. Langy hails from the Wisconsin school and we would not be a bit surprised to hear that tears were shed when he bade good-bye to his football career there and bled himself Gallaudet-ward to seek new fields of conquest on Hotchkiss Field. In his initial bow here as a Prep in the fall of 1919, Langy gave promise of developing into one of the best players Gallaudet had ever seen. And now that promise is fulfilled!

Coach Hughes used him at center the first year because his passes were swift and accurate. We did not tremble when one of our backs signaled for the ball under the shadows of our goal because we knew Langy's pass would be precise and that the back would try to carry the ball out of danger. On the defensive, however, Langy always played behind the line where his deadly tackling was responsible for the failure of many a line and off-tackle play. There are many who remember the John Hopkins University game played in Baltimore in 1919. Gallaudet had played magnificent ball, but near the end of the contest our line, bruised and battered, crumpled before the steady pounding of the Black and Blue machine. The Hopkins coach was evidently anxious to crush us for he kept sending fresh players into the fray. Time and again a Hopkins man would break through our line, and almost always he was brought to earth by Langenberg. In the last period he alone of all the players was able to stop the onrush of the Hopkins machine.

His tackling is fast, hard, and low. Many an opponent

has heard the sweet "tweet-tweet" of birds and saw countless millions of tiny stars when downed by Langenberg. He has been used at fullback the past three seasons and his line plunging and excellent interference work has caused opponents to respect his prowess.



ERNEST GEORGE LANGENBERG

Many Alumni do not hesitate to place him on par with any man that has ever donned a Gallaudet uniform. But that is not at all surprising since even the famous Walter Camp ranked him as one of the best backfield men of the 1922 season. That is high praise, indeed.

Langy is a very modest chap and it is not unusual to see him squirm with genuine embarrassment whenever his name is mentioned in the presence of a crowd. His playing has always been marked with fine, clean sportsmanship; he always keeps his head when the game has reached a critical stage, and he can be counted on to deliver when a few yards are needed to make first down.

Langenberg is Captain of this year's plucky Gallaudet eleven and he has in every way justified the confidence placed in him by his team-mates. He seldom loses his temper on the field, in fact, the writer has never seen him angry even when the playing of opponents is none too clean. He works well with Coach Hughes who trusts absolutely in Langenberg's judgment. That is the stuff winning teams are made of. The players are willing to work for Langy because he is a living example of all that a good sportsman should be, and his do-or-die spirit encourages them on to better play.

The afternoon of November 3rd saw Gallaudet battling the heavy Camp Meade Tanks Corps which had suffered defeat only twice within four years. The

first period saw their heavy line rip our light one practically all to pieces, yet we held them to a lone field goal. Near the shadows of our goal. It was first down, five yards to a end of the first half, the Tankers carried the ball to the very touchdown, and three minutes more of play. Langenberg

was there in the thick of every play, encouraging, imploring, intreating the line to hold. The players gritted their teeth and dug their cleats into the soil with a fierceness that could not be denied. And the wonder of it is that the half ended with the ball still two yards from the final white line even though the Tankers had used three of their four tries for first down! * We call that football, the team a REAL TEAM, and Langenberg an ideal leader. And it would be all wrong to leave "Teddy" Hughes out of this because his coaching methods have brought about the improved Gallaudet Eleven of 1923.

It is really hard to do Langenberg justice on paper. His true worth can only be described when he is in action on Hotchkiss Field, or on the gridiron of an opponent. When Langy graduates in June, Gallaudet will bid good-bye to one of the best football players, one of the best Captains, and one of the cleanest Sportsman she has ever seen. And, methinks, ever will!

* And the last half saw Gallaudet stage a magnificent rally, sweeping the soldiers before them, and winning the contest, 13 to 3.

—O—O—O—

THE CHICAGO SILENT ATHLETIC CLUB

We have received the December copy of the "Bulletin" of the Chicago Silent Athletic Club, edited by our friend A. L. Roberts. We note that it has grown from a single sheet in January 1923 to an eight page issue. This of-course was to be expected—what would not flourish with "Bobs" holding the sprinkler.

The December issue contains the 1923 financial statement. It shows that the Club is nearly paid for, less than \$1000 being still due on the original \$25,000. Ever since the purchase of the new club house, less than seven years ago, its receipts have grown steadily, which goes to prove that the deaf are reliable whenever the object is worthwhile. It took nerve to

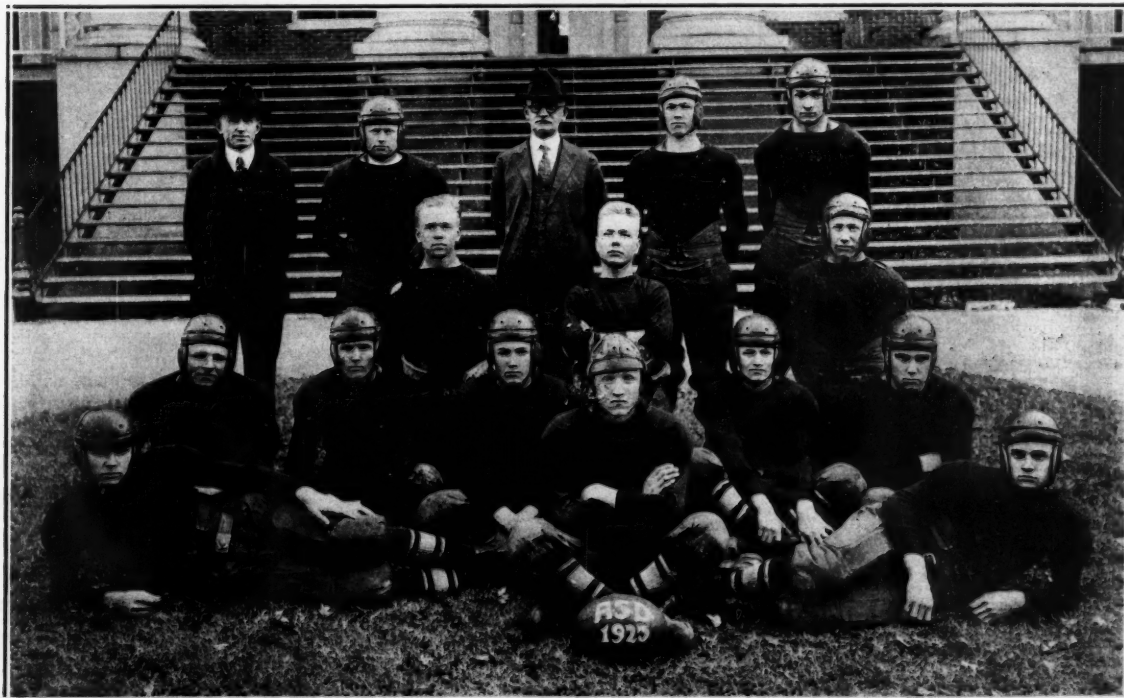
risk \$25,000, but trust the Chicago deaf for nerve. And now they possess the finest Club for the Deaf in the World.

—O—O—O—

A Veteran Sportsman

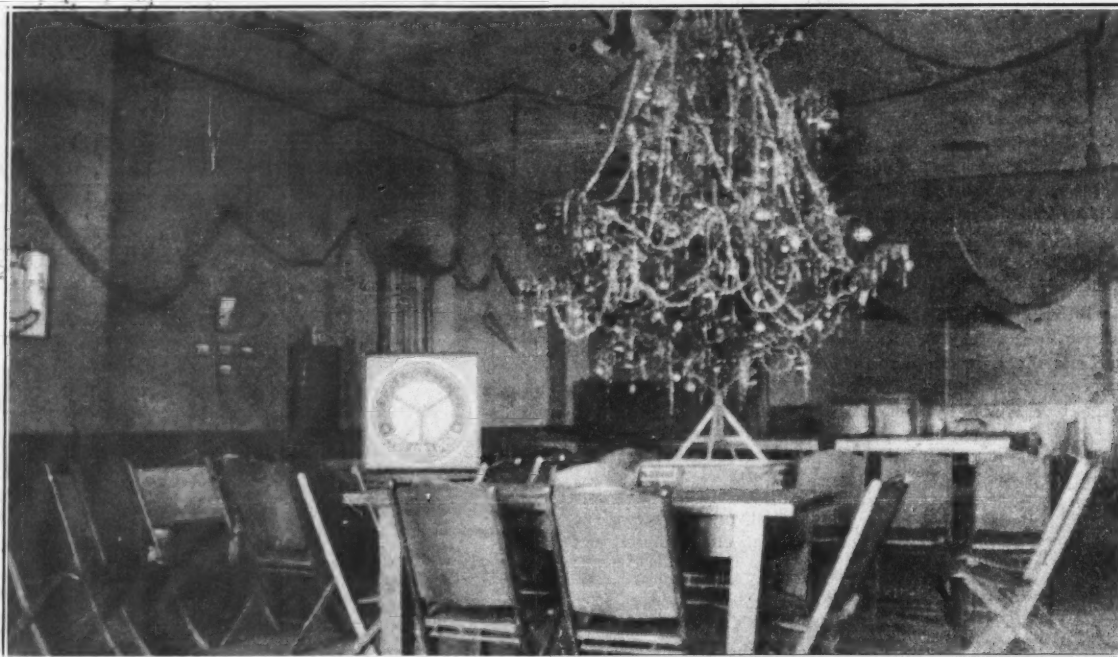


W. T. Johnson, the retired veteran deaf teacher, of Taladega Ala., in one of his characteristic poses. With him gunning is a hobby that has not worn off with the advance of time. It is said that he is an excellent shot and a real sportsman.



ALABAMA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF FOOTBALL TEAM, 1923

Back row standing—Wm. F. Grace, coach; Prickett, r. h. b.; Supt. F. H. Manning; Renaau, q. b.; Collins, l. t. & f. b. Second row kneeling—Little, sub., McElhaney, sub.; Koval chick, sub. Third row—Esterling, r. t.; Dykes, l. g.; Hedgepathe, center; Black, l. t.; Ogden, r. g. Fourth row—Cotton, l. e.; Akers, Capt., f. b.; Reeder, r. e.



THE CLUBROOM AND CHRISTMAS TREE OF THE SILENT ATHLETIC CLUB, PHILADELPHIA, PA. Photo. by Brogan

Since its inception in June 1919, the Philadelphia Silent Athletic Club has enjoyed one continual run of prosperity which, up to now, is in a very flourishing condition, it having purchased double shares in a Building and Loan Association to insure its future existence.

The past year 1923 was the banner year in its history, replete with social and athletic events galore, its annual ball predomi-

nating them all, which was unsurpassed for the high order of its brilliancy.

It is today the foremost athletic organization of the deaf in Pennsylvania if not in the entire East.

With the dawn of 1924, which will mean its fifth anniversary by next June, a brighter outlook is in store for the club along with its many activities.



THE MAINSTAYS OF THE GALLAUDET GIRLS BASKET-BALL TEAM
Kannanell, (forward) Dobson, (forward) O-hun, (guard)

There must be government in all society—
Bees have their Queen, and stag herds have their leader,
Rome had her Consuls, Athens had her Archons,
And we, Sir, have our managing committee.

—St. Ronan's Well.

Citizen: "That's my car. The thief is just fixing a blow-out."

Policeman: "All right, I'll go over and arrest him."

Citizen: Sh-h! Wait till he gets the tire pumped up."

—Exchange.

INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

Articles and photos
gladly received

"All honor to him who shall win the prize."
The world has cried for a thousand years;
But to him who tries, and who fails and dies,
I give great honor and glory and tears.
—Miller.

Edited by Thomas J. Blake

"A trade for every
deaf man."

Out and In Again

By HANS P. HANSEN



HANS. P. HANSEN

MY GOOD FRIEND, the editor of this department, has asked me to relate my experiences as a photo-engraver. To begin with, let me say that photo-engraving is a good trade for the deaf, and one which commands high pay.

I started at the early age of ten to learn the printers' trade at the New Jersey School for the Deaf, but after awhile the engraving department appealed to me and finally I was transferred to that department by Mr. Porter, my instructor.

Cuts at that time were made by the dry-plate process, which was a very slow and difficult task. Our equipment consisted of a small half-tone camera, a shoot-board and plane and a few other accessories.

Arc-lamps were quite unknown then and to illuminate the copy it was necessary to shove the camera out of the window for sunlight.

In 1913, the school purchased a magnificent half-tone camera, a bench saw and a beveling machine, and dry plates gave way entirely to the wet-plate process. Later on a Royle router, an etching machine, a prism and color filters for three-color work were added, bringing the equipment up to date.

In 1915, I graduated from school after two years' experience of the wet-plate process and a fair knowledge of line and half-tone etching, which I value to this day.

I had no trouble obtaining my first job in New York as a line etcher, in a shop where nearly all the work had a touch of yiddish, and to reach this place of employment I had to pass through the "ghetto" and a street full of pushcarts. My salary was four dollars per week! I felt rich, yes indeed, for it was my first job.

I remained there until some other prospect turned up. Accepted a good position as a line and half-tone operator at double the salary I first received. Here I remained

eleven months when a fire forced me to look for other connections. Twelve dollars, a pair of overalls and a good umbrella were my personal belongings that went up in smoke at this fire.

The war put a wet blanket on the photo-engraving industry. Jobs were scarce and chemicals very expensive. I accepted a job in a shipyard and did my share towards winning the war by hammering rivets in ship bottoms, which was a great help to Uncle Sam in sending the boys over the "big pond." I contracted pneumonia while riveting, and upon the doctor's orders I had to take some indoor position, so I went back to my old trade.

A leading Philadelphia morning paper took me on as an etcher, where I remained eight months. Was forced to leave on account of being a union man on a non-union paper. After that, I secured employment on all the newspapers in Philadelphia at different times.

During a slack period I secured a position on a Washington, D. C., daily, but remained there only two days, being homesick.

Going to Chicago I found that the position I was about to accept was a strike position, so I returned to the "City of Brotherly Love," where I connected with a daily as a line photographer. Was offered and accepted a position as instructor of photo-engraving at the New Jersey School for the Deaf, because I knew I would be back with old friends and have the opportunity to advance myself. That was four and half years ago. The equipment has since been brought up to date and production increased through the keen interest of Supt. Alvin E. Pope.

Before I end this article, I wish to show my appreciation to the New Jersey School for the Deaf, and also to Mr. George S. Porter for what I have learned while under his instruction.

Selecting An Occupation

BY WINIFRED DEDRICK

He who starts upon a journey should have a definite idea as to his destination, otherwise he wanders about aimlessly like a ship upon the great ocean, without chart or compass, or even a pilot, driven and wrecked at last upon the shores of unknown, barren country.

Life is a growth, and it should be developed along natural and noble lines. People endowed with the faculties and intelligence ought to make their lives a success, especially in this, the best and greatest country of all civilized nations. It would seem that the only real excuse for failure must be either lack of intelligence or pure laziness. Success is sure to crown the life of any person who possesses an average intellect, a high ideal, a disposition to work, who is ready to sacrifice if necessary and endure without flinching, and is willing to bear needful trials. And yet how few have succeeded.

Why is it that so many deaf-mutes fail while the opportunities are so great and the possibilities so vast? The answer is obvious. They are not willing to pay the price of

success, they turn a deaf ear to the warnings of others; they ignore the lessons of experience, and with eyes wide open, they head their course straight for the rocks where several have gone down and failed in their lives.

God gives to every one a chance to win and wear a crown of victory. To succeed in life, one should early take an account of his stock in hand. For what is he naturally fitted? This is not meant simply what one desires to do, but what he can do. For what has he an aptitude?

Be yourself, you have your own special place and work. Find it, fill it. Do your work well. This country, our own nation, is in need of faithful, loyal workers. If your position is humble and lowly, strive for a higher plane. Larger positions await you as soon as you are prepared to fill them. It is always possible for any one to lead an honest, noble, useful life, and that is success. We should early in life select some honest occupation, one that will develop the nobler faculties of our being—any occupation that is virtuous is honorable, however humble it may be.

Life is full of opportunities. They are fairly hurled upon us. Look about you. This is an age of specialties,—in agriculture, in mechanics, in science, in art, in literature. You cannot do all but you can do something well.

You can surely find the place and work for what you are adapted, and having found it, *Stick*. Life is far too short to spend in roaming.

Tailoring and the Repairing

I have been asked by our general Industrial editor to write something of my experience relating to the work of this department.

In the period of more than 20 years I have had experiences pro and con, interesting at times to myself perhaps, but for the most part would, I am sure, make dull reading for others. Instead I will confine my remarks to a few observations as to the merit and value of this line of work as it is taught in our (New Jersey) school.

Mending, for instance, altho a most necessary duty in every well regulated household, seems to be unpopular with the average housewife.

Who of us haven't heard hubby or brother say things when he finds his only laundered shirt buttonless, or the pair of socks he wanted to wear "holey," or his suspenders parting company with his trousers.

Lucky for him that the belt came to his rescue, and that, too, is only a makeshift, for if you look at him from the rear, you will often see that his trousers "bag" there more than at the knee.

I have heard more than one housekeeper say she would rather do the family wash than the week's mending.

I have never yet heard any one say they liked to do it, our own pupils excepted. I have seen a bright young hearing girl shed tears over vain attempts at a little repair work, yet she could make her own dresses beautifully and do all sorts of fancy work.

With regard to tailoring, it is not to be understood that it is taught as a trade, or that new garments are made to any extent. Generally the work known as "bushelling," altering, cleaning, and hand pressing is taught.

Toward the end of the course a new tailored garment may be made as the goal to be attained—which means graduation.

Most of the pupils' clothing is kept in repair by these little classes, thus affording a wide variety of practice and any one visiting their class will find it anything but dull and monotonous.

On alternating days the shop language and arithmetic teachers give them a half hour instruction, using the ac-

cessories of the shop as object lessons. This is a most interesting half hour and the pupils seem to get a lot of enjoyment from it.

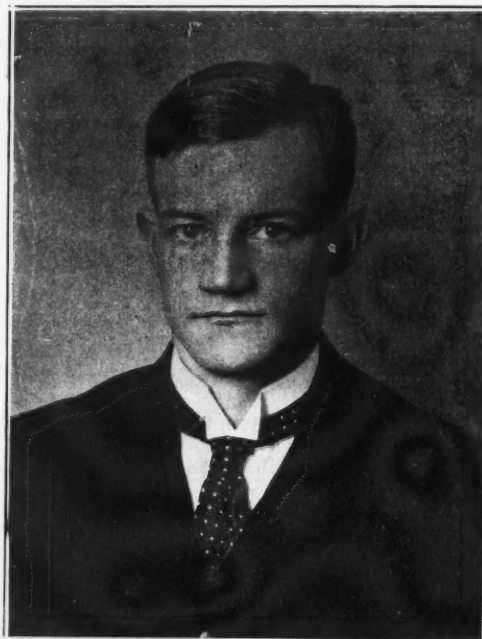
Since it is the aim of our school to give the pupils the very best education possible so, too, in the various lines of industry.

We know that the majority of our girls on leaving us eventually become home-makers, and just as cooking was considered a drudgery until it became an art, so, too, with all the other household work until scientifically learned.

We consider the best time for this course is in the beginning between the ages of 10-13 years, for, like rating delicacies before the plain health-giving meal they, too, might lose the appetite for what might seem plain and commonplace if they had their start on the more attractive arts.

Not only do we consider this line of work useful in itself, but as a foundation for the vocational training subjects it gives the pupils opportunity to acquire habits of application, neatness, industry and skill.

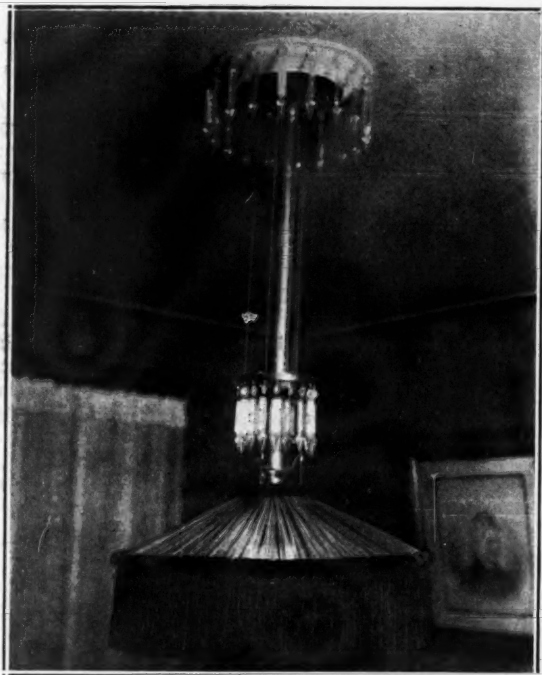
C. S. B.



J. O. P. FLETCHER, THE ART-CRAFTSMAN
OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

Another Bouquet

The *Silent Worker* comes out monthly in artistic form. The last issue had, for frontispiece, a knight mounted on a charger and bearing a shield on which was a red cross and in a corner of the page was the legend "I come to serve." For the issue before last there was a three-color picture of "The Cedars," after a painting by Mr. Kelly Stevens, instructor in applied arts of the New Jersey School. These pictures and those inside between the covers made us wonder if it is not generally known that the *Silent Worker* office has a very fine and complete engraving department. Mr. Hans P. Hansen is in charge and it is due in part to his skill with the camera and the various paraphernalia that the *Worker* can be fixed up so artistically. Mr. Hansen is a deaf man and a graduate of the New Jersey School for the Deaf. While Mr. Hansen specializes on engraving he also operates a linotype and is an excellent all-round printer. —*Virginia Guide*.



Extension Electric Lamp, (patented) one of the many inventions by Mr. William Rheimer, a product of the Ohio School for the Deaf at Columbus.



Electric Lamp in the Home of Henry Ford, invented and patented by William Rheimer, of Detroit.

So the Deaf May Know

Some time ago I undertook to publish a paper called the "Silent Echo" and did get it started and was high strung with hopes that the sheet would take root and grow, but alas and anon, just as the third issue was off press and copies distributed to many throughout the globe, I was informed that the plant

which I was using had been sold to a party outside of Denver to satisfy a debt and that the plant would be dismantled and moved away immediately which was done.

That compelled me to "lay off" publishing further issues, or until I was able to locate at some other place, which has been impossible up to this writing.

It has come to my notice that some one who writes for the New York *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* here in Denver sent in an item stating that the *Silent Echo* was dead and buried under six feet of frozen soil after a very brief life of breathing and that it never would have another life, or words to that effect. I have been unable to get hold of a copy of the *Journal* to see for myself just what sort of sentence the writer used, but what I have quoted above is about what was used according to my informant.

In behalf of myself and those who subscribed for the *Silent Echo* with good money and to those who I. O. U. I wish to have it distinctly understood that the *Silent Echo* is not permanently suspended and as soon as I am able to secure a location it will be published as before and mailed to each and every one who wishes it and to those who have already subscribed.

It is rather a difficult task to rent space and the use of material of other shops, but I believe there is such a place here in Denver that I will be able to secure in no distant time.

I realize that it is going to be an up-hill pull to get the works going liked the ones of a 21-J Hamilton watch, yet with patience and untiring efforts it will get a footing that will be iron-clad.

Now if there is anyone who has sent in a year's subscription to the *Silent Echo* and who has the least suspicion that the paper is dead for good, will so inform me and request the return of his dollar, I will cheerfully comply with his or her request, although there is no law specifying that I should.

To those who have never met me or Mrs. Nash I am herewith sending our pictures taken a little before Xmas, so they may seize up the "mug" of the one received their dollar with the best of intent. The photo will appear later.

Other papers please copy.

Very truly, yours,

J. C. NASH.

1113 TWENTY-SIXTH STREET, DENVER, COLO.

Letter of Thanks

Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 31, 1923.

Dr. J. Cloud,
St. Louis, Mo.,

Dear Friend:

My daughter and I wish to thank you and the members of the N. A. D. for the grand Christmas present given my daughter.

It makes me so glad to know that we have so many friends who thought of my little girl on the first Christmas we have had to spend without her father.

The handsome amount of \$107.50 which our friends of the N. A. D. gave Roxie Arline certainly was very much appreciated, and I pray God's blessing on the entire Association of the Deaf.

May your family and yourself have a happy and prosperous New Year.

With best wishes from your friend,
MRS. J. W. VANDERGRIFF.

It will be recalled that Mr. Vandigriff was one of the persons drowned in the East Lake Catastrophe, Atlanta, last August while assisting in the water carnival arranged for the Entertainment of the N. A. D. Mrs. C L Jackson, Editor of the National Optimist, Atlanta, rendered efficient service as treasurer of the Christmas Fund

Texas Convention



WHEN it was finally decided to hold the fifth convention of the re-organized Texas Association of the Deaf at Denton, it must be confessed that the decision was made by the executive committee with misgivings, as most of the wise-
 acres said that the town was too small and had few, if any, attractions to draw more than a corporal's guard. It had been many years since the choice had fallen on any but the large cities of the state, such as Austin, Waco, Dallas, Ft. Worth, Houston, and Galveston. However, nearly everybody was fooled, as the meeting drew one of the largest crowds ever attending one of our conventions. While not so large as the one in Dallas in 1921, it surpassed any other held in recent years. From which it may be deduced that social intercourse and work for the advancement of the cause of the deaf attract the participants more than the desire to "rubberneck." As it was, the attendance would have been larger had it not been for the fact that the three days for the meeting, July 3, 4, and 5, fell in the middle of the week, making it out of the question for many, who otherwise would have been on hand to participate. Others, mostly from points near-by to Denton, were able to attend only on the fourth, a holiday. On this day there were over 300 present at the picnic at Club Lake.

Those who had arrived in time were entertained at a party at the home of Miss Beulah Christal on the evening of the second. This was in the nature of a get-together and social affair with delicious refreshments. A good-sized crowd was on hand, and that they enjoyed themselves was evident from the fact that it lasted until nearly midnight.

The opening session of the convention, beginning at 10:30 A.M., July 3, was held at the auditorium of the College of Industrial Arts.

After dinner, the visitors were taken for an automobile ride to points of interest about Denton through the kindness of the Chamber of Commerce. They were impressed with the fact that they had landed in a wide awake young city, instead of the sleepy country town some had tried to convince them that the officers of the T. A. D. had chosen for the meeting place.

Following another business session at the First Christian Church after the ride, there was a baseball game at the Teachers' College park between the American Legion team of Denton and something of a make-shift team of visitors gotten together by Mr. Troy Hill. This was the first of a series of three games scheduled to be played between the two teams. In spite of the fact that Hill's nine had never played together as a team and that some of the players had had no practice

for months, they put up a pretty good brand of ball and made their opponents sweat to annex the long end of a 12 to 5 score.

That evening a reception was given the visitors by Mrs. A. D. Turner, mother of Miss Minnie Turner, a former pupil of the Texas School for the Deaf, on the lawn of her beautiful home. Some 200 were present at this entertainment and every one voted it a distinct success. The evening was passed pleasantly in social intercourse, meeting old friends, and making new ones. Little Miss Alice Adele Wilkerson gave a pretty dance. Punch was served by Miss Beulah Christal, Mrs. Robert Wilkins, and Mrs. Briggs.

The Fourth, the big day of the convention to most of the visitors, found every one with that gran' and glorious feelin,' which naturally came with a barbecue athletic stunts, etc., and a double-header baseball game in prospect for the day. The picnic barbecue and athletic events came off at the Club Lake, a lovely body of water, with ideal surroundings some five miles out on the Dallas-Denton road. The 200 or more already on hand were augmented during the morning by fresh arrivals until there were over 300 at the lake by the time the signal was given to fall to and help relieve the groaning tables of their loads.

Most of the morning was spent in athletic contests for prizes, swimming in the lake, etc. The local committee had arranged the contests, with cash prizes of \$3.00 or \$2.50 to the winner and \$2.00 or \$1.50 to the second. Below will be found a list of the contests with the names of the winners:

100 yard dash (boys)—Ben Wilde, first Pelham Stokes, second.

50 yard dash (girls)—Mrs. Osa Hazel, first; Miss Edith Moore and Mrs. Hugh Munn, tied for second place.

Backward race (boys)—Pelham Stokes, first; Ben Wilde, second.

Backward race (girls)—Mrs. Osa Hazel, first; Mrs. Hugh second.

Three-legged race (boys)—Pelham Stokes and M. B. Park, first; Burt Street and H. Dunagan, second.

Throwing ball (boys)—John Payne, first; M. B. Park, second.

Very little actual business was conducted at the Convention of the T. A. D. held in Denton last July 3, 4, 5th, but social and good times fairly outdid themselves in providing the deaf with enjoyment.

At the election of officers the following men were elected for the coming two years: President, Mr. W. M. Davis, Texas; First Vice-President, Mrs. Hosa Hooper, Denton, Texas;



TEXAS ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF,



FRATERNIVAL GIVEN BY DALLAS DIVISION, NO. 63 N. F. S. D., ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 20th, DURING THE STATE FAIR

Second Vice-President, Miss Beulah Christal, Denton, Texas; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Troy E. Hill, Dallas, Texas.

The next convention of the T. A. D. will be held in Fort Worth, sometime during the summer of 1925, and from present indications, old Cowtown is going to try and beat the record set by the Dallas Convention in 1921. Here's hoping that they do succeed in that attempt.

With the selection of Mr. T. M. Scott as Superintendent of the Texas School for the Deaf, the members of the T. A. D. may rest easy, for the management of the school has at last fallen into entirely capable hands, after years of mismanagement and messing. Mr. Scott, although not familiar with the work of educating deaf people, is an old business man, and his wife, one of the most charming ladies the writer has ever met, is an ex-school teacher of long experience, and they make an ideal pair as head of our school, and whatever there is about running the school that Mr. Scott does not

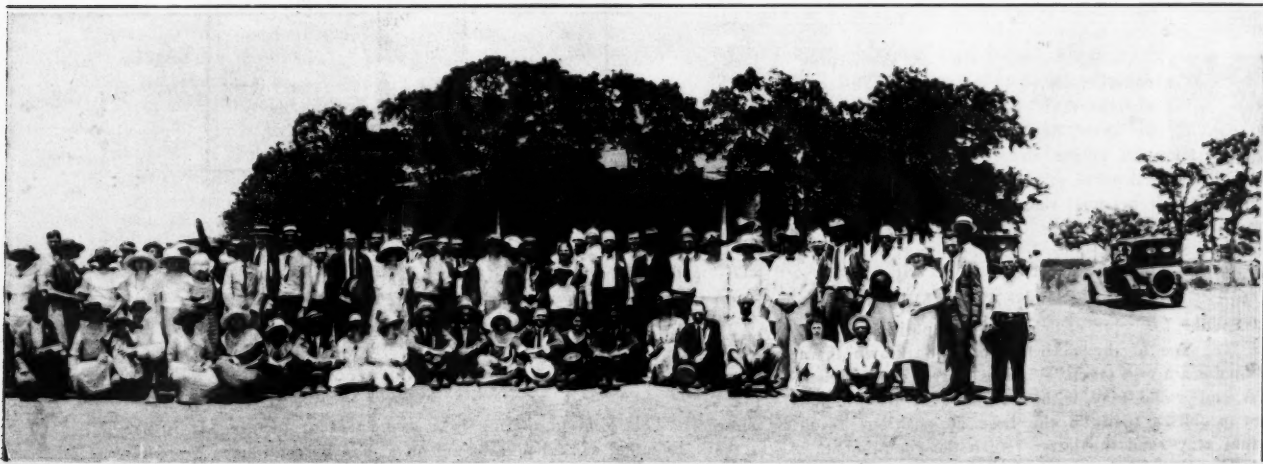
know, members of the T. A. D. may rest assured that it won't be long for him to learn, for he is there at work studying condition all the time.

With patience bide,
Heaven will provide
The fitting time, the fitting guide.

—*The Monastery.*

The sages, to disparage woman's power,
Say, beauty is a fair, but fading flower;—
I cannot tell—I've small philosophy—
Yet, if it fades, it doth not surely die,
But, like the violet, when decayed in bloom
Survives through many a year in rich perfume.

—*Epilogue.*



DENTON, TEXAS, JULY 3, 4, 5, 1923.

Not a Dinosaur's



William F. Hay, of Morgawville, N. J., and also of New York City, erst of Gallaudet College, on the beach at Atlantic Highlands, N. J., playing with "Marrowski," his famous Siberian Soup Hound. The large round object might be a dinosaur's egg, which he is offering to the dog to eat. Notice the pained expression on the dog's face.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses and call up the men,
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

—Doom of Devorgoil.

Our Chess Column

Edited by Tobias Brill



WE AGAIN let our friend D. W. George of Jacksonville, Ill., help us out with this column. He thought that by merely extending the length of his letter, he would make it proof against insertion in the SILENT WORKER; he called it "fool-proof," but we'll prove to him that he is the one who is fooled.

After a few personal slams at the Editor, which we greatly enjoyed, and the mention of a few good chess players, he enters into the following discussion of

PROBLEMS vs. END GAME PLAYS:

"Thanks for your criticism of the position I sent you. In the language of the chairman of a downtown mass meeting, 'de point am well taken.' It was merely a misnomer to dignify that end game play with the name of a 'problem.' I see that problems turn up the nose at positions resulting from actual play—and the latter return the compliment. As to the relative merit of the two in improving the play of the learner, the doctors are not in perfect accord. I have before me 'The Principles of Chess in Theory and Practice' by James Mason. Under the head of General Principles he says: 'The study

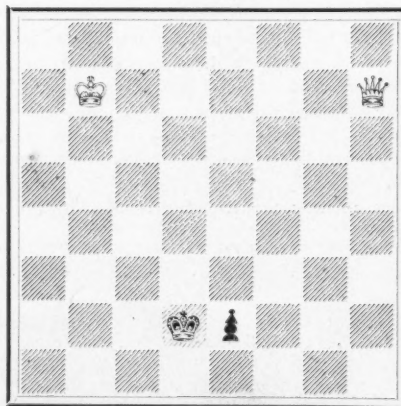
of problems can be easily carried to excess.....Though cast in impracticable mould (italics are Mr. George's) ideas of force and position capable of being utilized in actual play may be conveyed by them, so that their occasional investigation cannot wholly be a vain thing. But in the immense majority appearing in the Press from day to day imagination riots. In their construction "art" is against reason, and thus, so to say, against nature, or the fundamental principles of the game. If a tithe of the laborious ingenuity wasted on these trifles were applied to the examination of rational positions, Chess would be more advanced than it is, and a more serviceable knowledge of it more widely extended..... As a rule, the only problem worthy of attention should be one not of impossible occurrence in a well played game.

"Learning to solve problems is not learning to play the game. The grand object of the game is not to mate in a given number of moves, but to WIN, whether by mate or gaining a decisive preponderance of force. A great many of the two-movers are susceptible of easy solutions in a few additional rational moves, such as would occur to the natural player. In a problem the cards are cunningly stacked against the losing side, and designedly so. In the other case of positions, advantage is taken of some not very obvious misplay made somewhere in the course of the game. Those who study problems merely for the pleasure of overcoming difficulty do get entertainment in plenty. But those who are ambitious to win games can find better use for their time than fooling with problems of the stacked cards variety.

"My Mason's Principles devotes 50 pages to positions taken from the play of great masters, under the head of Combinations. Each position is diagrammed and the solutions are accompanied by instructive notes. These positions are of more value to me than a hundred times as many problems.

"In another part of the Principles, devoted to winning with certain pieces against certain opposing pieces, occurs the following magnificent position:

BLACK



WHITE

White to move and win.

White	Black	White	Black
1. Q-R2	K-Q8	11. O-B3 ch.	K-K8
2. O-O6 ch.	K-B7	12. K-Q3	K-O7
3. O-Okt4	K-O8	13. O-B2	K-O8
4. O-O4 ch.	K-B7	14. O-O4 ch.	K-B7
5. O-K3	K-Q8	15. O-K3	K-K8
6. O-O3 ch.	K-K8	16. O-O3 ch.	K-K8
7. K-B6	K-B7	17. K-K4	K-B7
8. O-O2	K-B8	18. O-B3 ch.	K-K8
9. O-B4 ch.	K-Kt7	19. K-Q3	K-Q8
10. Q-K3	K-B8	20. Q x P	K-B8
		21. Q-QB2 mate	

This kind of mating is a refinement of torture. It is like inflicting capital punishment on a man by continuous dropping of water on the cranium. If the black King were on K7 and the Pawn on KB7, White could not win. The white Queen would not have enough elbow room."

Come again, Georgie.



FRUIT DANCE BY ST. LOUIS GALLAUDET (DAY) SCHOOL PUPILS

Left to right—Mildred Stiffler, Edna Arnes, Ruby Keathly, Leona Palmire, Mary Georgopolus, Katie Frautz, Bernice Rodekopf, Pauline Newman.

Ireland

INSTRUCTIVE BELFAST LECTURE

The Ulster Deaf and Dumb Association, inaugurated within the present year, has by its increased popularity and membership satisfied the promoters that a long-felt want has been met.

Organized and managed exclusively by the deaf themselves, the work, with weekly religious services, social and otherwise, is entirely voluntary, a fact which cannot be too widely known and as distinct from the other two societies in the city.

On Friday evening, under the auspices of the newly-instituted Literary Society, Mr. Hugh Grant gave an address on "Education and Literature in Connection with the Deaf" in the rooms of the association, 2 College Square East. Mr. W. J. Baxter presided over the large audience present.

Mr. Grant described how the education of the deaf began in France with the invention of the single-hand alphabet by the Abbe de l'Eppee, and followed later in England with the introduction of the double-hand. America up to then was without any method of opening the minds of its deaf and dumb, and on hearing of the success of the European invention Dr. Gallaudet crossed over to London with the object of being initiated for the benefit of his afflicted countrymen.

However, the English pioneer looked upon the new system from an entirely commercial point of view, and was only willing to comply on payment of a large sum. The American philanthropist, declining to treat the subject in that light, crossed over to Paris, was received with open hospitality, and provided with everything necessary. His success on his return to the State is part of American history, and the French singlehand alphabet is universally used in the States to this day. The New York institution, perhaps the largest, and, with its band of deaf mute musicians, the most unique in the world has for its principal Dr. Fox, the deaf son of a Dungannon product.

Speaking of the deaf institutions in the United Kingdom, they were until not so many years ago, before changes were effected by the agitation of the adult deaf, close rivals to the Dotheboys Hall of Dickens, Hearing children of deaf parents have made their mark as teachers of the deaf, but the most notable instance is that as seen in the career of a native or our own city, Mr. St Joseph Ervine, the dramatist and novelist. His father, one of the pioneers of mission work amongst his fellow deafmutes in Ulster, died during the author's infancy, leaving a widow to the struggles and responsibilities attending the rearing of two children without the breadwinner.

The first article written by Mr. Ervine is well remembered by many of the local deaf, and was published in "Ireland's Saturday Night" nearly twenty years ago, the subject being the late W. J. Ashcroft, which perhaps showed his early predilection for the drama.—*Belfast Telegraph*.

E. M. Gallaudet Memorial Fund

The E. M. Gallaudet Memorial Fund has been growing so slowly (the sum hoped for is \$50,000 and the amount thus far collected is only \$8,000 or more,) that an alarm has been sent out for help. Here is one suggestion that may speed up the work.

It is understood that the memorial is to be a building to be erected on the grounds of Gallaudet College which is a department of the Columbian Institution for the Deaf. The title to the grounds is in the United States Government and the institution is dependent for support on the pleasure of Congress.

There have been in the past some Congresses decidedly hostile to the institution and only the political sagacity of the authorities has been able to save it from disaster. What guaranty have we that a Congress in the future may not refuse support and may not direct the use of the grounds, buildings and equipment to other purposes than the education of the deaf? It may compel a change from the combined system so ably supported by Dr. Gallaudet and so successfully demonstrated in that institution, to some other system, with uncertain results.

A building is a daily and yearly expense for maintenance, repairs, etc. The overhead expense is necessary and a continuous drain.

Now I would suggest that the E. M. Gallaudet Memorial Fund be kept intact as such and invested or banked securely. There are great national banks and great trust companies that would gladly look after the fund without expense. The income then can be used wholly for a determined purpose. Why can not, why would not, it be a real good plan to help out those professors who have spent their lives in sacrificing themselves in the Education of the Deaf? What profession is paid more poorly or worse than that of teaching, and especially that of teaching the deaf? What professor has been able to accumulate a competence for the inevitable day when he is retired perforce by old age, debility, illness, adverse circumstances? In his day of helplessness, are objects of charity, victim of ingratitude.

THEODORE CHRISTIAN MUELLER.

Santa Barbara, Cal., Dec. 9, 1923.

Lutheran Missions to Deaf-Mutes



IF YOU ever stop to think that there are many people in our country and in every land, who live in total silence. The clatter of the milkman's wagon in the early morning hours, the grinding screeches of the street cars, the shrill whistling of steam trains, steam-boats and factories do not disturb them in the least. Those of the deaf who are parents, do not hear the wailing of their infants, nor do deaf children hear the sighs of their parents or troubled friends.

Complete silence engulfs them at all times. Knowledge of the day's events does not come to them in their homes from the conversation of their hearing associates. Great silver-tongued orators do not interest them. Frequently they are misunderstood by the members of their own homes. Even more often they misjudge the acts and motives of their relatives and friends. They live in a world of their own, cut off from the ordinary means of communication.

In spite of their physical handicap, however, they are not as unhappy as some people imagine. In our blessed land and many other countries they have equal advantages and opportunities for prosperity with the hearing.

Every state in our country has a school for the deaf where they are taught all the branches of a modern education where, also, they acquire the knowledge of a trade.

From times immemorial the deaf were considered incapable of learning and understanding, being frequently classed with idiots and the feeble minded. In the past few centuries however many nations, including our own, have changed the status of the deaf from that of being a liability, to that of being an asset to their respective communities. Education and the opportunity to learn and practice vocation in life have made the deaf useful members of society and intelligent citizens of their respective countries.

Many people do not know that the deaf of the United States have not only the usual grade and high schools, but also a university in Washington, D. C.

All the larger cities of our country have in addition to the state school oral day schools, where the deaf pupils are taught speech and the reading of lips, enabling them to carry on a conversation with any one, and to compete with the hearing in business.

Among themselves the deaf as a rule prefer to communicate with one another by means of the poetic and expressive sign

languages. The sign language expresses words and ideas clearly and forcefully. At some schools this language is used almost exclusively in the instruction of deaf pupils. Lecturers and preachers among the deaf also employ it extensively. With these educational advantages deaf-mutes have prospered materially. In our generation many deaf continue to be dumb, that is, unable to speak with their voices, but they are by no means dull or ignorant. Among them you will find successful mechanics, typists, carpenters, writers, preachers and artists.

In spite of their material blessings however, very many deaf are not really happy, because their spiritual life has been and still is being neglected to a great extent. Education and material progress alone cannot make these people truly happy. They need above everything else an understanding of the christian religion. Material prosperity and happy days soon vanish with the passing years. Old age robs them of their seeming value. With the deaf, as with the hearing, only faith in a gracious Go through the merits of our Saviour, and hope for a better life, free from the afflictions and limitations of this mortal body, can create true peace and genuine happiness.

In every christian church there is a need for christian missions to the deaf. That is true also of the Lutheran church, for we find Lutheran deaf scattered over the entire country from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. It is every church's first duty to supply the needs of its brethren and sisters in the faith, because true charity begins at home.

In the years before 1896 the Lutheran deaf were totally neglected spiritually. Many strayed away from their church into the church of other faiths. The writer knows personally many Lutheran deaf who are today, for that reason, members of other churches.

Before the 17th century all christian churches neglected to provide religious services for their deaf, because they had no means of communication with them. The same is true of the American churches during the first three centuries of their existence. It has been only in the past twenty-seven years that the Missouri Synod Lutherans have preached the word of God to their deaf brethren and sisters.

Thanks to God since 1896 the Lutheran church has awakened to its responsibilities in this respect. Today it stands second only to one in its efforts to feed the soul of the deaf with spiritual food. At present there are fourteen Lutheran missionaries breaking the bread of life to the deaf in eighty-six of the larger cities of our country. These men make personal visits in the homes of the deaf, instructing them in the way to eternal life



ILLINOIS ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

and ministering to their spiritual needs. They preach to them the word of God, both law and gospel. From the law they show them the wickedness of man's heart and the wrath of God against sin. When the deaf have come to a knowledge of their sins and their own helplessness to escape the wrath of their Creator, the missionaries lead them to Jesus explaining that the blood of Christ, God's Son, is able to cleanse them from all their guilt.

In some of the larger cities, such as Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Seattle the Lutheran deaf have their own chapels, ladies' aids, men's clubs, etc. In other cities such as New York, Pittsburgh, Omaha, the Lutheran deaf are planning the erection of chapels and parsonages.

At the state schools the Lutheran missionaries find and teach the pupils of their faith in the chief doctrines of the Bible. They lead the hearing children of deaf parents into christian schools, they visit the sick and comfort the dying. At times they also assist the deaf in a material way, finding employment for them, interpreting for them in the Court, and at other occasions, also they frequently provide some sort of entertainment for them, that the deaf may not become self-centered and despondent through lack of social intercourse.

In this way many self-righteous, pleasure loving and money-mad deaf are brought to a realization of the true values in life, the spiritual gifts of their Creator and Saviour.

To the Lutheran blind deaf in their total silence and abysmal darkness comes the voice and the light of hope by means of God's word communicated to them by the missionaries through the sense of touch, and the knowledge of the alphabet or a few signs of the deaf language.

Ministering to the needs of its own deaf is every church's first duty, but there is opportunity also for mission work among the unchurched deaf of our country and heathen nations. There are multitudes of unchurched deaf here in America, who are going through life without God and without hope. To them should be brought the light of the gospel, explaining God's love in Jesus and His desire to save all lost sinners.

In the United States alone there are approximately 80,000 deaf. At the state schools and conventions of the deaf, missionaries have opportunities to reach unchurched deaf with the gospel of Jesus.

If the land of China has the same ratio of deaf as our country, there are about 320,000 Chinese deaf, who humanly speaking have no chance to be saved by the Saviour's message. The Chinese government has recently adopted the American sign language for the instruction of deaf at its state schools

You lovers of missions in societies and clubs think over the opportunity here offered for your efforts to spread the kingdom of Jesus.

Some time ago, we read of a Lutheran missionary to the hearing in India and his problem of instructing a heathen Indian deaf-mute. Think of the thousand of deaf in India and other heathen nations, who have many christian missionaries to the hearing, but none to the deaf. Recently one of the missionaries to the deaf was called to the bedside of a dying deaf lady. She was unable to receive any benefit from the local pastor's sincere efforts to explain to her God's word, but with the arrival of the missionary to the deaf understanding and comfort came to her in that last and greatest need.

If you love Jesus how can you stand idly by and see the deaf sink back into eternal perdition, from which Jesus has saved them? Surely not! You must put your shoulder to the wheel now while it is day. Solomon the preacher says, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor wisdom, nor knowledge in thy grave, whither thou goest. Eccles. 9:10

Your efforts in behalf of these people shall not be in vain. God's promise reads, "For as the rain and the snow cometh down from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, and giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth, it shall not return unto me void." Is. 55:10.

Every missionary could relate to you many instances showing how the preaching of God's word has kindled in the hearts of the deaf, faith, hope of eternal life, love and loyal service to Jesus. The Master, Himself, took the time to stop and deal separately with one deaf-mute. Mark 7, 32. His time was not too valuable to stop for that act of charity. If you are his disciple, follow Him in this matter also. May the Lord bless the efforts of all true christians everywhere to bring the message of Jesus to a sin-sick despairing humanity.

O. SCHROEDER,

Lutheran Minister to the Deaf.

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OF THE DEAF, JUNE 7-10, 1923

Who's Who in the Deaf World

Names will be printed alphabetically as they come from month to month and when completed the list will be turned over to a National Committee who will recommend such persons as deserve of a place in the WHO'S WHO book which we are planning to publish in the near future. We hope those who have failed to furnish us with data about themselves will not delay any longer than can be helped. If your name is omitted it will not be our fault. We wish to be informed of any error discovered in the list in this magazine so that we can make the corrections for the book.

CHOWINS, JOHN MARTIN. Was born September 23, 1859, at Stokesclisland, Cornwall, England. He attended the Institute for the Deaf at Exeter, England, from 1867 to 1874. Worked as a carpenter and joiner in a country mill until 1886, when he emigrated to the United States. On landing at New York he went directly to Lincoln, Nebraska. He was employed at the Burlington Railroad shops for a while. The University of Nebraska needed a utility man — one who was handy with the tools. When Mr. Chowins applied for the place, he was given a trial. He proved the right man for the place, and there he has been ever since, nearly thirty-seven years. He is a master mechanic in the Department of Physics. When his brother Charles who was superintendent of the state educational buildings, died the Chancellor paid him this tribute: No one in the employ of the University could handle tools as skillfully as he unless it be his brother John. Mr. Chowins has a reputation in Lincoln as one who can fix the most delicate of mechanism. He became naturalized soon after his arrival in this country. He has revisited England four times. He was married on June 14, 1898, to Miss Rebecca Marshall, a product of the Nebraska School. They have no children. Neither can speaker nor read the lips.

CROWELL, THOMAS H. Born September 25, 1893, at Trenton, N. J. Brick and mortar hod carrier. Cannot talk or read-lips; excellent sign-maker. Attended New Jersey State School for the Deaf. Member National Association of the Deaf (Trenton Branch.) Lost hearing at 3, from heavy attack of cold and measles (total.) Married December 21, 1916, to Edith Hall (deaf.) They have four hearing children.

HANSEN, PETER. Born May 3, 1896, at Hoboken, N. J. Instructor in Photo-engraving and Assistant in Printing New Jersey School for the Deaf, residence: 831 1/2 Rogers Ave. Excellent speaker; fair I.O.-reader; excellent sign-maker. Attended Public School No. 2 and No. 6, Hoboken, N. J., 1903-06; New Jersey State School for the Deaf 1906-1915. Member National Association of the Deaf (Trenton and State Branches); National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Lost hearing at nine from spinal meningitis (total.) No deaf relatives. Married April 26, 1919, to Mary Turner (deaf.) They have one hearing child. Worked as a printer for many years in New York City and on all leading daily newspapers in Philadelphia, also in Washington, D. C. Is Second Vice-President of the new Jersey State Branch National Association of the Deaf.

SWEENEY, MRS. FANNIE LOUIS (BASS). Born Dec. 27, 1889, at Randolph, Vermont. Home address: 418 Cook Ave., Trenton, N. J. Good speaker; good lipreader; fair signmaker. Attended Clark School 1894-1907; New Jersey State Model (High School) 1907-1911; Trenton School of Industrial Arts 1911-1917 and New Jersey State Normal 1917-1918. Member National Association of the Deaf (life member); Trenton Branch N. A. D.; Women's Auxiliary No. 37 Typo-

graphical Union No. 71. Lost hearing at two from adenoids (partial). No deaf relatives. Married June 15, 1918, to Miles H. Sweeney (deaf). They have one hearing child. Serving fifth term as Secretary-Treasurer Trenton Branch N. A. D. Served one term as Treasurer of the State Branch N. A. D. 1921-1923. Held Civil Service position at the New Jersey School for the Deaf as clerk and proofreader in the office of the Silent Worker until marriage.

DZIAK Jr., ANDREW T. J. Born September 16, 1897, at Kingson, Pa., Steamfitter, with Alsyth Blackwell, Trenton, N. J. Home address: 1592 Chestnut Ave., Trenton. Fair speaker; poor lip-reader; excellent sign-maker. Attended New Jersey School for the Deaf eight years; St. Francis School for the Deaf, Baltimore, two years. Member National Association of the Deaf (Trenton Branch.) Lost hearing at 8 years from brain fever (Total.) Single.

WHYLAND, HOWARD. Born June 6, 1877, at Avon, N. Y. Teacher. Carpentary at the Rochester School for the Deaf. Home address: 72 Jewett St., Rochester, N. Y. Poor speaker, lip-reader and sign-maker. Attended Rochester School for the Deaf, 1888-1900. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Born deaf (total). No deaf relatives. Married June 17, 1903, to Jesse L. Curney (deaf). Wife a graduate of the Rochester School for the Deaf. Treasurer Division No. 52, N. F. S. D., 1921.

WILLIAM, CEINWEN. Born July 9, 1899, at Scranton, Pa. Excellent speaker and lip-reader; fair sign-maker. Educated in public school until years of age when hearing was total destroyed by a attack of scarlet fever. Studied lip-reading at Pennsylvania State Oral School, Scranton, Pa. from 1910 to 1913, when she was graduated. Continued public school education by attending High School in fall of 1913; graduated with honors in 1917. Stuck clerk with Underwear Company 1917-1918. Is now Manager of food book-keeping at Young's Home Bakery. No deaf relatives. Residence 1721 Sweetland Street, Scranton, Pa.

YOUNG HARRY BROWN. Born September 12, 1890 at Dummore, Pa. Fair-speaker and lip-reader; excellent sign-maker. Educated at Pennsylvania State Oral School for the Deaf at Scranton, Pa., and Mt. Airy Institution Philadelphia, Pa. Left school at the age of 14 years old. Learned the baking trade up until 1916 when he became a sign-maker. Owns a sign business address: Young's Home Bakery, 115 So. Blakely Street, Dummore, Pa. (formerly a prize boxer and wrestler, known variously as Cyclone Young "Kid Young." Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf and National Association of the Deaf. Born deaf but now hears partially with one ear, learning to carry on conversation. Has one deaf sister and one hearing brother.



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THE DEAF WORLD

Compiled by Kelly Stevens

Thos. S. Marr, graduate of Gallaudet College and well known in deaf circles throughout the United States, is considered one of the leading architects in Tennessee. He has recently been awarded contracts for drafting plans for a new 12-story hotel and a large department store, to be located in Nashville.—*Ky. Standard*.

The "Cobbs" memorial Tablet has come and is now on the right wall of the entrance hall in the Main Building. It is an admirable tablet, artistically wrought, with the inscription being so clear that it is easily read. Besides serving the original purpose of reminding the public of where the first school for the deaf was started, it also expresses the appreciation and gratitude of the deaf and their friends throughout the State for efforts done in their behalf. It was through the unselfish and untiring effect of Mr. Aumon Bass and the generous co-operation of the Virginia Deaf and many hearing friends that the money was raised in so short a time. We hope that when the tablet is unveiled at some date yet to be announced many of the alumnae and alumni can be present and see what a splendid Tablet they have bought and set up.—*The Virginia Guide*.

Saturday night, October 27, a very serious accident happened which almost proved fatal to a group of our leading deaf. That no one got killed outright was evidently a miracle. Those who figured in this accident were Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McNeill, Mrs. Ernest Swangren, Mr. Max Cohen and Miss Edna Melander when returning home from the dance in the club house. Leaving trolley they got run over so suddenly and unexpectedly by a big auto driven by a drunken man going very fast past the open gates of the street car, which was against the laws. The auto crashed against the street car and the driver was promptly arrested. The group of the deaf were quickly carried in the ambulance to a hospital, where they were taken care of. Mrs. McNeill was the worst injured one, her both arms being broken and will have to remain in the hospital for a few weeks longer. Mrs. Swangren got cut up on her head which required a few stitches. After a few days in the hospital, she is now around.

The two boys got bruised pretty much, but were able to walk around, although quite sore and lame. Miss Melander was the only one that escaped just in time. It is gratifying to note that no one was killed and they all are on the way to complete recovery. That drunken driver will be prosecuted shortly.—*Kentucky Companion*.

Mr. G. W. Howson, resident engineer in charge of the great Dix River Dam project just north of Danville, is a brother of Mr. J. W. Howson, a teacher in the California School and one of the brightest deaf men in America. The mother of the two Howsons is spending the winter in Danville; some of our officers have had the pleasure of meeting her and found her a charming and attractive woman.

Mr. Howson himself is too busy with the many details of the big job in which he is engaged to spend much time in town. Mr. Herbert Brewsbaugh, educated in this school, has a job at the dam, and has found in Engineer Howson a helpful friend. Mr. Howson, by the way, was engineer and assistant superintendent of the University of California stadium at Berkeley.

The Berkeley Daily Gazette says of him: G. W. Howson, engineer and assistant superintendent for the University of California stadium, has been honored with a new position as resident engineer on the Dix river in Kentucky. The project includes one of the largest rock fill dams in the world, two bridges, a power plant, a large tunnel, relocation of highways and the moving of a city power plant.

Howson was engineer on the Strawberry dam in the Sierra mountains and has been in charge of a number of large projects in recent years. Before he left for the east he was presented with a token of esteem by employees of the Clinton Construction Company, as contractor on the stadium job.—*Kentucky Standard*.

It is a matter of congratulation to the deaf people everywhere that the determined fight wages against legislation depriving the deaf of the right to drive autos, has borne fruit. The authorities of the District of Columbia have decided that the deaf shall be given the same chance as other people to prove their fitness to run cars. The legislature of Pennsylvania passed a modification of the restriction against the deaf, the effect of which is to give them a fair chance to secure licenses. New Jersey and Maryland still stand pat in their opposition to deaf drivers, but it is hoped that they can be made to see the light and do justice in due time. At the convention of American Instructors of the Deaf held at Belleville, Ontario, during the summer, strong resolutions were adopted, defending the right of the deaf to operate autos.

The basic argument of the deaf in defense of their rights is that hearing is of little aid in safe and sane driving, but that sight is the all-important consideration. This argument is upheld by very strong authority. In a recent decision of the Appellate Court of New York the

claim for damages instituted by the estate of a man killed at a railroad crossing, was denied, the court alleging contributory negligence on the part of the victim, in that he failed to stop and see if the crossing was safe. In handing down this decision, Judge Van Kirk said, among other things:

"Hearing is an unsafe protection; the best sense protection in the light is sight. The safe limit to speed in approaching a crossing is that speed at which the driver of an automobile, as he arrives at a point where he can see an oncoming train, when he is near enough to render crossing ahead of it dangerous, can stop his car if necessary before he reaches the track. It is futile to look when one cannot see. If he cannot see without stopping, he must stop."

No deaf driver in Minnesota has yet met with an accident at a railroad crossing, though such accidents are almost daily occurrence among the hearing. The reason is that the deaf, not having the unreliable sense of hearing to depend upon only upon sight alone and see that the crossing is clear before they negotiate it.—*Minnesota Companion*.

Some three years ago there entered our school of Lithuania. A hearing brother of his first came to America and located in St. Paul. Then he managed to bring Leon here. The two are expert tailors, and have been working and saving money to the end that they might bring the rest of the family from Lithuania. This has been realized. Three or four weeks ago Leon went to St. Paul to meet the family, just arrived, and whom he had not seen for several years. We understand that the father was detained at Liverpool on some technicality, but will rejoin the other soon. Leon is a happy boy, and he is proud in the knowledge that his earnings helped to pay expense of bringing the family across the sea to free America.—*Minnesota Companion*.

The correspondence of THE COMPANION in our previous issue told of an incident that happened to one of our school's graduates, George W. Corbett, Tadmore, Sask., Canada. It seems that a number of robberies had taken place in the neighborhood, and every one was on the watch for the guilty parties. One evening George was driving home. When a policeman pulled a gun and ordered him to halt, intending to identify him on the possibility that he might be the robber. Of course, George did not hear the order to halt. But he saw the dark figure and the glimmer of the pistol in the dark. Thinking it was a hold-up, he whipped up his horse and dashed

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away. The policeman fired several times, but fortunately missed his aim. George took to the bushes and managed to get home safely. Doubtless the policeman's friends had the laugh on him when they found that he had been fooled in that way. But there is a most serious side to the incident. A lamentable tragedy might have occurred. It should serve as a warning to deaf people to be careful about going at night on dark roads alone. In these days when rum runners, auto thieves, and other violators of the law are everywhere, and guardians of the law are on the watch, the deaf man alone at night always runs a considerable risk. If necessity obliges a deaf man to be out at night, he should avoid being alone.—*Minn. Companion.*

William D. Abbott, of Springfield, Mass., who graduated from the Old Hartford school with the class of 1902, showed up at the Halloween party looking every inch a successful business man. Upon inquiry it was found that at present he is employed as a construction carpenter by a large contracting firm which specializes in building sky-scrapers. About two years ago he was with that firm in New York City when it was constructing a sky-scraper at the corner of 86th St. and Madison Avenue. The feelings and sensations he experienced at that time while he was working on the thirtieth story was told in an interesting manner to those who were gathered around him. Looking down from his perilous position, the trolley cars looked like caterpillars crawling along the pavement, and the yellow taxicabs looked like orange skins strewn around. All the time he was working on the huge steel frames he could feel them swaying to and fro in the path of the strong winds. While working for another contracting firm in Wheelwright, Mass., about twelve years ago he volunteered to take a diver's place who had failed to show up. After he was lowered into the water, he commenced to bore holes in rocks of granite to put sticks of dynamite into them to blow them up. Soon he saw a big fish headed towards him and he confessed that his hair fairly stood on end for a minute. The fish seemed to scent Mr. Abbott to be a harmless intruder in the waters and passed on. While he was busy at his task he could feel his shoes of lead sinking into the mud and chills went up and down his spine, for he believed he was sinking waist deep into the mud, while as a matter of fact he had sunk only up to his ankles. When he was finally brought to the surface

he could hardly see anything at all for a few minutes. Everything looked blurred; the sun seemed to be an immense ball turning around and around. After that day nothing could induce him to put on a diver's suit again. Mr. Abbot married Louise Ledoux, a graduate of the Northampton School. At present they have a bright and attractive boy, a pupil at our school. —*The New Era.*

Albro Johnson who died September 20th at his home in Rochester, was a truly remarkable invalid. A paralytic for about twenty-four years, he had been lying flat on his back for twelve years. Well nigh helpless, he had been calmly watching the power of movement diminish gradually till he could lift only his right arm and just manage to turn his head slightly to the right or to the left in order to look out of the tail of his eye. He was once a strapping big fellow, fine specimen of manhood, over six feet tall and weighing over two hundred pounds. When three years old he contracted a malignant form of spinal meningitis which resulted his deafness. As the doctor had then warned, Johnson suffered a stroke or paralysis in the late twenties and had to take to the wheel chair and finally to his bed.

Yet Johnson was jolly and bright to the last. "Keep bright. Keep busy. Think pleasantly, and you will have no time to be a grouch or a pessimist." This was the recipe he would recommend to those who wondered at his buoyancy of spirit and asked for the secret of it. They were inclined to agree with him when he declared that Coue's ideas were nothing new to him.

Physically helpless as he was, yet Johnson was master in spirit. His mind was keen and alert. He had an unfailing sense of humor which made his company delightful. He wanted no sympathy wasted upon him, insisting that with the help of his faithful wife, Mollie, who kept up the home by working a shoe factory, he was making a good fight and he was not to be pitied.

Johnson was clever in many ways. For example, he cooked meals. The cot on which he lay was in a corner of the kitchen under a window and near the range. On the wall at his right was hung an assortment of sticks or poles of various lengths and fitted at one end with hooks or eye-screws. At his left was a chair upon which was a small cabinet with drawers for smoking tobacco and pipe, stationery and miscellaneous articles. This chair snugly filled the space between range and cot. His wife, before going out, peeled potatoes, put

them in the kettle, fixed the coffee pot, arranged the utensils on the back of the stove, and lastly, placed a basin filled with coal there.

At five o'clock Johnson started dinner. Selecting the proper stick from the wall, he hooked it into the grate end and shook the ashes down. Then he, by a deft movement of his wrist, pushed the griddles out, and with the aid of a longer pole, he hooked onto the basin containing coal, drew it forward and tipped it, spilling the coal neatly into the fire pot. He next maneuvered with the various utensils till he got them into their proper place over the fire. When the cooking was sufficiently done, he pushed the utensil back where the food could keep warm. When Mollie came in, the dinner odor was wafted to her at once, and in five minutes they would be eating.

Johnson was not quite shut in from the world. He had suspended before him a small mirror which he called his "movie screen." By means of this mirror he could look through the window and clear down the short street of two blocks that terminates at right angles with a main thoroughfare. Nothing escaped the keen observer. He knew everyone by sight in the neighborhood. He could tell from the size of crowds on street cars during the rush hour whether business was good or poor at the big tailoring factories near by, though out of sight. Limited as his range of sight was, yet he saw a great deal in the panorama of sky and street that was reflected to him by his mirror and it was a treat to hear him philosophize upon people as he knew them. He used to see two or three saloons and how they affected the neighborhood; and no wonder he was strong for prohibition. The lone, scrawny crabapple tree, even the sparrow in the tree, was a thing of beauty to him. According to his own testimony, his habit of thinking pleasantly gave a poetic turn to his mind.—*Rochester Advocate.*

OH, MY DEAR, THE LANGUAGE THEY USE!

"Don't you know it is very dangerous to allow a child to run around the golf links alone?"

"That's all right, sir. The poor little fellow is stone deaf."

MUTE FOR YEARS; TALKS IN COURT

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Nov. 21.—Volatile protest by John Dukes, known about Little Rock for years as a mute, when a sixty-day workhouse sentence was imposed on him in municipal court, startled court attaches today and resulted in suspension of the sentence and a court order directing that Dukes be taken before the psychopathic board for examination.—*Philadelphia North American.*

DR. DONNALLY AT GEORGE WASHINGTON

Dr. Harry Hampton Donnally, who has been for several years a specialist in children's diseases in the city of Washington, has been appointed a professor of children's diseases at the medical school of George Washington University. This is a compliment to Dr. Donnally's abilities as a physician, and we extend our congratulations. The doctor was for a short time teacher of the deaf, and has for many years been in attendance upon the pupils of the Kendall School. We are indeed fortunate to have the services of a physician who not only stands high in his profession in the

city, but who also is intimately acquainted with deaf children.—*Just: Once A Month.*

DEAF-MUTE ENDS 10 WEEKS HIKE FROM CHICAGO

Two and a half months hike from Chicago to Los Angeles was compelled when Thaddeus Chabowski, 21, a deaf and dumb Chicago boy, arrived in Los Angeles recently.

Chabowski, in his hike, touched St. Louis, Kansas City, Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City, using \$80.00 on the entire trip.

Twenty to thirty miles a day were made by the hiker over good roads, and about fifteen over bad roads. He intends to look for work in Southern California, and will live at Compton.

Chabowski has been a deaf-mute since he was a child.—*Catholic Deaf-Mute.*

STILL GOING STRONG

Since its inception in June, 1919, the Phila. Silent Athletic Club has enjoyed one continual run of prosperity which up to now is in a very flourishing condition, it having purchased double shares in a Building and Loan Association to insure its future existence.

The past year 1923 was the banner year in its history, replete with social and athletic events galore, its annual ball predominating them all which was unsurpassed for the high order of its brilliancy.

It is today the foremost athletic organization of the deaf in Pennsylvania if not in the entire East.

With dawn of 1924, which will mean its fifth anniversary by next June, a brighter outlook is in store for the club along with its activities.

UNAVOIDABLY DETAINED

The best alibi for late arrival at school which we ever came across is offered by Alfred Love, one of our older boys. He showed up last week looking pale and interesting, with an account of having been knocked down by a motor truck in Chicago, just three blocks from the station where he was going to take a train to school. He had spent several weeks in a big printing establishment there, which he left with the promise of employment again next summer. On his way to the station a big Chicago American truck hit him amidships and bruised him up seriously enough to send him to the hospital. He was visited by J. S. Morrison and other friends. As he was discharged and able to return to school he packed his bag once more and is back seeming not much worse for his adventure. He has turned over to a lawyer a suit for \$7,000 damages against the publishers of the *American* and is hopeful of results.—*The Missouri Record.*

LONDON

Lip reading is taught to all deaf children of normal intelligence in London. The county council maintains nine schools for the deaf, in which 675 children are taught by seventy-one teachers. Attendance is not compulsory until the children are seven years old, but it is considered desirable to admit them as soon after the age of 3 as possible. Up to the age of 13 the deaf children attend special day schools, where the elementary subjects are taught. Special guides are hired by the county council to assist the children in going to and from school.

Residential schools are provided for children from 13 to 16, one for sub-normal boys and girls who must be taught by other methods than lip reading, one for normal boys, and one for normal girls. Vocational instruction occupies half the time in these schools. Cabinet-making, tailoring, boot-making and baking are taught to boys, and dress-making and fine laundry work to girls. Most of these boys and girls have little trouble in finding employment after leaving the schools.—*Rocky Mountain News-Democrat.*

SALLY CLOTHILDE NETHERLAND II

The majority of schools for the deaf have fine dairy herds, of which they are justly proud. This School has a splendid herd of pure-bred Holsteins. During the past week the State Agricultural College has been making a test of one of our cows, Sally Clothilde Netherland II. Her record was so good that the Advance Registry Department of the Holstein-Friesian Association ordered a re-test by one of the official testers.

The official record for the seven-days test was 36.08 pounds of butter. During this period Sally gave a daily average of 90 pounds of milk. This average will probably be increased to 110 pounds daily. Last year, on a thirty-days unofficial test, Sally gave an average of 107 pounds of milk daily. From official sources we learn that only three cows in this state ever tested higher than Sally, and as two of them are dead and the other is now outside the state, Sally is at present the champion of the state. Two of the cows that tested higher than Sally were owned by President Work of our Board.—*M. in The Colorado Index.*

SPEECHLESS PATRONS GREATEST

"Do you know," said the down-town quick-lunch manager, "that paradoxical as it seems, the greatest talkers who come here to eat are those who are deprived of the power of speech?"

The Inspector of Busy Places was astonished and asked the manager to elucidate.

"The people I refer to," he went on, "are deaf-mutes. Of course, I don't mean to say that all are that way, but the group that patronize this place certainly are talkers from way back.

"Most of our patrons sit wherever they can find a place. If two or more enter at the same time they split up. Not so our deaf-mutes. They wait until they can find two or three vacant places together; then they begin to 'chatter' away with their hands.

"While doing this they can't eat. The consequence is they take up more time than do other customers who eat in silence. Those deaf-mute 'Kaffee Klatches' sure get my goat.

"But I can't do anything, even though the participants take up space that other customers could use to our gain.

"I don't object to their talking, y'understand. What I object to is that by using their hands to do it they hold up the procession. I'm thinking of putting up a sign here, alongside of the one 'Watch Your Hat and Coat,' reading something like this:

"Watch Your Hands"

ARCHITECT MARR DESIGNS A MEDICAL BUILDING.

From a Nashville, Tenn., newspaper comes the announcement that our old friend, Mr. Thomas S. Marr, will have

a chance to prove he is an architect par excellence by drawing the plans of a magnificent ten-story Medical Arts building. The following excerpt may be of interest:

The structure will be ten stories, of cream-colored brick and stone facing. It will be cross-shaped, with wings designed to give every office an outside view; there will be no interior court and the elevators will be in the center of each wing. The plans provide for a garage, safe, drug store, surgical supply store, dental supply store, meeting room for medical associations, library, club rooms and a registry. There will be quarters for fifty doctors. The careful attention which has been bestowed by the doctors and the architect upon every detail of arrangement is indicated in the provision of the registry department. Its purpose is to keep a constant record of the movements of every physician in the building, so that his whereabouts can be known at any time and he can be reached on hurry call.—*The Deaf Mississippian.*

DOCTOR FINDS X-RAY NEW CURE FOR DEAF

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Sept. 20.—A new cure for deafness consisting of X-Rays directed laterally and posteriorly over the head, and also through the mouth to the ear and the centres of hearing of the brain, was described by Dr. J. J. Richardson, ear specialist of Washington, D. C., before the American Electro-Therapeutic Association's meeting at the Chalfonte Hotel here today. Dr. Richardson told the specialists, coming from all parts of the nation, of the results of his works, in which 600 patients were treated and approximately varying from a slight decrease to a complete cure. In 40 per cent. of the cases there was no discernable improvement.

One of the first symptoms to disappear, Dr. Richardson said, was that of "tinnitus aurium," or ringing of the ears, usually the first symptom to manifest itself in the majority of cases of deafness.

Dr. Richardson made reference to several specific cases, in one of which a United States Senator whom he had treated for six months by methods generally employed without obtaining satisfactory results, the hearing so improved under X-Ray treatment that the ordinary voice could be heard from a distance of fifty feet instead of only six feet at the start. After a lapse of six months the same acuity still remains.

His paper was followed by a report of some research work confirming the great value of the discovery. The research was made by Dr. A. J. Pacini, of Chicago.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

MYSTERY OF DEAF-MUTE IN PARIS MAY BE SOLVED IN

NEW YORK

PARIS MAY BE SOLVED IN

youth who was found starving and penniless near Pontoise and who drew a sketch depicting the murder of his father, is believed by United States consular officials to be an American.

All questions as to the genuineness of his condition has been settled by the decision of Paris doctors who assert that he is a bona fide deaf-mute. It is stated to be possible, however, that a recent fright or other extreme

nervous shock may have been the cause of his affliction.

By signs which leave no doubt as to his meaning he has indicated a brother of his served in the American army and is now on a fruit farm somewhere near the sea.

The youth evidently does not know the alphabet, or any accepted sign language, but in telling his history he makes free use of figures and sketches. Thus he has made it clear that accompanied by his father, aged fifty-three, he arrived in France in 1922. They were traveling in an automobile when three men came out of the woods, killed his father and took several hundred dollars. In his fright the son ran away and wandered aimlessly until he lost track of the scene of the tragedy. He gives his age as nineteen, his mother's as forty-five, and his brother's as twenty-five. When he realizes that his questioners have no key to his identity the youth is overcome with emotion.

Photographs and copies of his sketches have been mailed to New York, as well as to shipping companies, to be placarded on trans-Atlantic vessels. These sketches depict an affray with three men in a lonesome road, showing one man lying prone, stabbed, in the back. The young man is an expert cobbler.—*The New York World*.

OUR NEW ATHLETIC FIELD

Saturday afternoon, November 3, our new field was formally dedicated under the name of Tate Field. Mr. Wesley Lauritsen made an appropriate address, setting forth the reasons why it was deemed fitting to name the field in memory of our late superintendent. Then followed a game with the Carleton College seconds, the first game to be played upon the field.

The new field is located a little south-east of Tate Hall. Old-timers will better understand the location when we say that it is where the old vegetable garden used to be. Dr. Tate selected the place and had it graded. The place selected for the location of the new service building will put part of the old field out of commission, hence the need for a new field. The field extends north and south, which is an advantage, as most games are played in the afternoon, and the team with the sun in the eyes is at some disadvantage.

But it is not without regret that the "old-timers" will hear the abandonment of the old field. Some of their happiest schoolday memories are rooted there.

PACH

Photographer

TRINITY BUILDING
SUITE 2122-2123

111 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

It was the scene of many a hard-fought battle and many glorious victory.

In those old days, the baseball team usually owned but one ball. When one of the old time sluggers batted this lone ball down into the ravine for a home run, the umpire had to call the game, while all hands turned out to hunt for the ball. That is changed now. A ball that is lost or goes astray means nothing in the ball players' young lives. The umpire simply reaches into his pistol pocket, yanks out another ball, and the game goes right along without a hitch. Goodbye to the old field, and good luck to the new one. May it be the scene of good clean play only, and may victory for our side make its frequent habitat there. If it establishes a record equal to that of the old field, we shall be satisfied, and if it does better, we shall be gratified.—*Minnesota Companion*.

MUTES HEAR MUSIC BY MEANS OF NEW ELECTRICAL DEVICE

Persons rated as "stone deaf" at the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, Fort Washington Avenue and 163d Streets, have been enabled to hear music by the application to their ears of amplified electrical vibratory sound currents. David Grimes, radio expert and electrical engineer of No. 1 Windemere Road, Durkee Manor, S. I., says in a report on experiments he conducted in that institution.

Grimes, who is an associate member of the Institute of Radio Engineers and the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, invented a radio receiving apparatus requiring no aerial, ground wires nor outside connection. He began his experiments on deaf persons with a radio, but soon dropped it for what he says is the better method. At the institution it was said yesterday he had been "remarkably successful," but had not succeeded in enabling some of the adult deaf persons to hear at all.

"The tests, which began at the institution last spring," reads Mr. Grime's report of his finding, "were under the auspices of the school faculty. We found there was no student in the school who was totally, or 'stone' deaf although many were so rated. Deafness, then, I concluded, was apparently a relative matter depending entirely of the volume sound received.

We had no difficulty in enabling those rated as low as 5 per cent. to hear perfectly. We increased our volume without distortion until we were reaching the class known as 'stone' deaf. We had several students who were able to hear although they lacked ear drums.

"One result of value was proof that, even if deafness were cured immediately it would mean nothing to the patient until he learned what sound means.

Most of the students of the extremely deaf class became so as a result of infantile diseases. The mechanism of their ears was intact. At the time of illness all the child's muscles were weakened, including those of the ear. When it recovered it moved its other muscles, but the ear muscles had on similar means of recuperation.

"When we applied the tremendous sound volume the ear muscles were forced to move at each sound."

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The British Deaf Times,

26, Victoria Park Road E., Canton,
CARDIFF, ENGLAND.

Deaf Youth Writes Good Poems

Deaf and unable to speak, Leonard Thomas Tarr, a 17-year old youth has written some really worthwhile poems. The following on Christmas appeared in a daily paper:

THE CHRIST-CHILD

Of all the dear stories, the sweetest we know
Is one of the Christ-Child of long, long ago.
His bed was a manger, his pillow but hay
Yet slumbering sweetly the little Babe lay.
This story of Jesus, we'll never forget
He lives up in heaven and cares for us yet.
And all the great blessings and joys that we know
Come still from the Christ-Child of long, long ago.
We love Him, we love Him and He loves us too,
The Bethlehem Baby so tender and true.
We love Him, we love Him and like Him would grow
The little Christ-Child of long, long ago.

CHRISTMAS

C is the Christmas in which we delight,
H is the holly with berries so bright.
R is the reindeer of which we've read
I is the ice over which they tread,
S is the driver, Old Santa Claus dear
T is the toys he brings each year.
M is the mistletoe we hang overhead,
A is the anxious children in bed,
S is the season when sorrow has fled.

YES, SIR, THERE'S A SANTA CLAUS!

Yes, sir, there's a Santa Claus, sure as you are born.
A great big jolly feller with a drum and with a horn,
A string of sleigh bells jingling and his hair all snowy white.
And he comes right down the chimney when yer sleepin'
sound and tight.
Yes, sir, there's a Santa Claus, you better bet on that,
With reindeer prancin' o'er the snow and feathers in his hat;
And great big eyes that twinkle with the tenderest of fun,
And a pack of toys and sleds and skates and a really gun!
O, let your mother tuck you in and you go right to sleep,
And don't you try to snook about and don't you try to peep;
Then Santa Claus will find your house and tip-toe down the stairs,
And leave a lot of lovely things spread right out on your chairs!
Yes, sir, there's a Santa Claus, and always has been, dear!
And he will come as long as love and innocence are here;
Old Santa of the Christmas books and of the Christmas rhyme!

MARRIAGES

August 25, 1923, at Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pennsylvania, Miss Helen Rachel Nickel to Harry Foster Smith.

December 22, 1923, at Columbus, Ohio, Milton G. Richardson to Ethel G. Mobberly.

December 30, 1923, at Columbus, Ohio, Oscar Redman to Lydia Six.

BIRTHS

July 6, 1923, at Los Angeles, Cal., to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kuhn, a girl—named Verda Marie.

September 14, 1923, at Seattle, Wash., to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Martin, a boy—named Wilfred Constant.

October 18, 1923, at Spokane, Wash., to Mr. and Mrs. John W. Moore, a boy.

December 6, 1923, at St. Joseph's Mo., to Mr. and Mrs. Shelby Chism, a boy—named Shelby Mason C.

December 7, 1923, at Kansas City, Mo., to Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Collins, a boy—named Roy Wear C.

December 27, 1923, at Canton, Ohio, to Mr. and Mrs. William Toomey, a boy—named Franklin Minter.

January 9, 1924, at Grand Rapids, Mich., to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Markey, a girl—named Mabel Irene.

DEATHS

November 1, 1923, at Kirkland, Wash., Nora Selfors, of Seattle, Wash., baby infant of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kirschbaum.

December 22, 1923, at Kalamazoo, Mich., John T. White aged 79, caused by being struck by street car.

The Buff and Blue

a college magazine

Published by the Undergraduates

of

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in the world

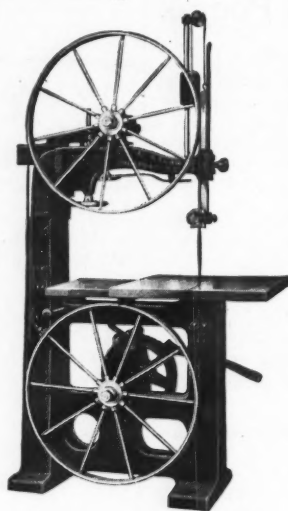
The Buff and Blue is a literary publication containing short stories, essays, and verse, contributed by students and Alumni. The Athletics, Alumni and Local departments and the Kappa Gamma Fraternity notes are of great interest to those following Gallaudet activities.

Every deaf person should be a reader of the Buff and Blue. Subscription \$1.50 a year.

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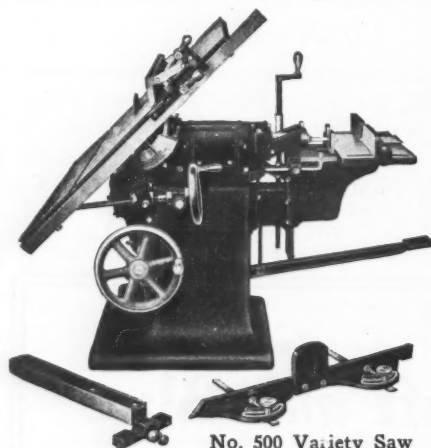
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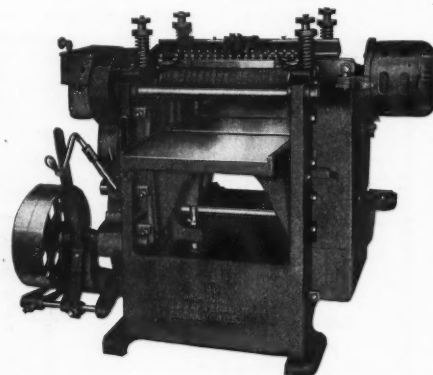
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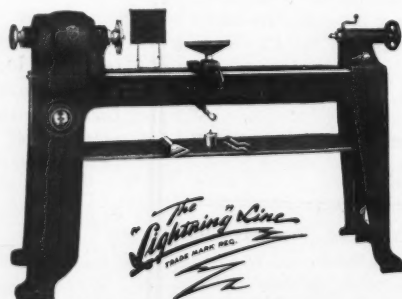
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Were you educated at a school for the deaf?
 Did you learn speech and lip-reading?
 Can you speak so that the people with whom you are thrown can understand what you say?
 Can you understand the speech of people you meet socially and in business?

If so, surely you are anxious for all other children to have the opportunities that you had.

If not, then surely you wish the advantages of other deaf children to be better than your own.

Beyond a doubt, the average deaf child may be taught serviceable, intelligible speech, and may learn to understand the speech of those around him.

Also, beyond a doubt, many deaf children who are supposed to be taught speech and lip-reading, do not learn them well enough to rely upon them for communication with hearing people in after-school life. The reason for this is usually that they are not taught to rely upon them at school.

The American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf was organized at a time when very few deaf children in the United States were given the opportunity to learn to speak and read lips. Largely as a result of its efforts, speech and lip-reading are now taught in every school for white deaf children in this country.

The Association, through its agent, the Volta Bureau, and its publication, The Volta Review, is daily striving to promote **BETTER SPEECH** and **BETTER CONDITIONS FOR LEARNING SPEECH** in all the schools. Obviously it is the duty of all who are interested in the welfare of the deaf to support its efforts. The cost of membership in the Association is only \$3.00 a year, and includes a year's subscription for the Volta Review, the magazine that carries good cheer and the spirit of happiness into so many homes.

Send your address to THE VOLTA BUREAU, 1601 35th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., and you will receive information about the work of the Association and a sample copy of the Volta Review.

The Silent Worker Subscription Offer

		Silent Worker	Both	Saved
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The American Annals of the Deaf (Wash., D. C.)	2.00	2.00	3.50	.50
The American Boy	2.00	2.00	3.60	.40
The Catholic Deaf-Mute (New York City)	3.50	2.00	3.00	2.50
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The Kentucky Standard (Danville, Kentucky)	.75	2.00	2.25	.50
The Missouri Record (Fulton, Missouri)	1.00	2.00	2.25	.75
The Nebraska Journal (Omaha, Nebraska)	.50	2.00	2.00	.50
The Deaf Carolinian (Morganton, N. C.)	1.00	2.00	2.25	.75
The Oregon Outlook (Salem, Oregon)	.50	2.00	2.00	.50
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